NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD, Editor. | Without Concealment----Without Compromise. | DAVID LEE CHILD, Assistant Editor.

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OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

BOSTON.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.]

BOSTON, August 3d, 1841.

Abolition Movements in Boston—A Great Quarrel—Collins and May.

J. G. BENNETT, Esq:

DEAR SIR:—The abolitionists (old organization) held a meeting here yesterday in the Chardon street Chapel, to welcome home some of their leaders, who had been absent from the country for some time past.

Their general agent, J. A. Collins, who has been amongst the English abolitionists the past year, for the purpose of collecting funds to carry on their schemes in this country with, made a speech in which those hollow hearted knaves and hypocrites were denounced in the most bitter terms imaginable. It seems, that, instead of raising the needful, and meeting that cordial reception which he expected, he was strongly opposed by them, and treated with the most utter contempt, for which they deigned not to give a single reason.

At this annunciation, the ire of the whole pack was completely aroused. The greatest excitement prevailed—the black niggers turned pale, and the white ones turned red, blue, and all sorts of colors, and the whole mass seemed to be boiling over with the direst rage. The speakers, among whom were Garrison, Collins, and Wendell Phillips, uttered the most terrible denunciations against the British abolitionists. Collins said that they were in reality the worst and meanest class of slaveholders on the face of the earth, that they were generally tories and the strongest advocates of oppression in their own country, and that the American slaveholders, in his opinion, in point of honesty, were kings in comparison with them.

These sentiments were endorsed by Garrison, who stated that the infamous Joseph Sturge, once his firmest friend, had turned traitor, and had proved himself guilty of the most mean and cowardly actions towards him and the abolition cause.

This latter sentiment was fully responded to by the Rev. Samuel J. May, a Unitarian clergyman, who pronounced him a most atrocious villain, but he wanted proof as to the sweeping charges which had been made against the British abolitionists generally. This called up Collins again, who broke forth with ten fold greater fury than before, and bellowed and roared like a "bull of Bashan," but seemed to find it difficult to use language severe enough to express the feelings of bitter hate and scorn which he felt towards the British abolitionists, for the treatment which he had received at their hands. He said that it was his intention to give the facts in relation to his visit to the public soon, and then brother May could judge for himself whether he gave sufficient proof or not for what he had said.

The meeting was closed by a speech from a nondescript nigger, which out-niggered anything which I had ever before witnessed, and which I will not undertake to describe.

Yours, respectfully, CAMEO.

TENDER MERCIES OF SLAVERY.

The following is copied from the Daily Pennant and Native American, a paper published at St. Louis, Missouri.

"A fearful danger constantly surrounds us. The efforts of those madmen, the Abolitionists, have not been without their natural consequences. It is useless to attempt to conceal it. The negroes, who were once the happiest and most contented race of beings in the world—without care, anxiety, poverty, misery—all that lead the independent laboring classes to madness, desperation, drunkenness and crime—have had their poor weak silly brains turned upside down by a dim feverish phantom—they know not what; and, as in moments of excitement, the strongest propensity displays itself first, their first thought is money—revenge—BLOOD. ☞A NEGRO HAS NO HEART.☜ He shudders at nothing but the lash—he recoils at nothing after his usual checks are thrown off—he knows not what remorse is. The necessity for a stern, awe-striking example—such as has been set them during the last week, by the conviction of the four negroes—was imperative; and we have every reason to believe that their execution will produce the happiest effect. Frequent and terrible warnings like these are necessary to keep the ferocious passions of the negroes under restraint.

We have heard some sympathy expressed in favor of Warrick and Seward. They deserve none; from the evidence against them, a white man would, if similarly situated, unquestionably have been convicted precisely as they have been. Why then should the negro be shown indulgence? We are hurrying towards a dreadful state of things; and nothing but the administration of strict justice, upon white or black, rich or poor, can save us. In Heaven's name, let us hear no more talk of *sympathy* for even the *accessaries* in such horrid deeds as those of which these negroes have been convicted. It is time that such maudlin sentimentality were banished from the breasts of men, and only exhibited in sentimental drapers and bread-and-butter school misses."

The wrapper that contained the paper from which we have made the above extract was a hand bill, and read as follows:

TWO LIKELY GIRLS
FOR SALE.
AT 169 MAIN ST.—AGES 10 AND 13.

If not sold to-day, they will be offered at public sale TO-MORROW, 29th inst., at 12 o'clock.
WM. J. AUSTIN, *Auctioneer.*
St. Louis, May 28, 1841.

"WHO SAYS THAT ABOLITION IS DEAD? Look at the recent movements of the Abolitionists in Massachusetts and Vermont. Look at the new organization in New-York. Look at the late decision of the Courts of Ohio, by which a master is prohibited from even carrying his slaves through that State to Missouri at the risk of their being set free—for several have been really discharged by the Courts of Ohio. Look at the impudent circular, "To the Abolitionists of the U. S.," addressed by Joseph Sturge, of England, dated from Philadelphia, "sixth mo. 7th, 1841." (7th June.) He pretends to detail the horrors in the District of Columbia; and has the insolence to appeal to us for emancipation; and to rouse up to greater excess the infuriated abolitionists of the U. S. Hear a member of Congress on this point.

'*Washington*, June 20.—I take the liberty of enclosing you a circular directed to each member of Congress by the Abolitionists, and the insolent Address presented by the Committee on the part of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society to the President of the United States. This will show to the country the true reason why it was that such efforts were made to re-adopt the 21st rule of the House of Representatives, and not from a factious spirit, as charged by the Whig, to prevent an organization of the House. This rule has been rescinded by the votes of Southern Whigs, united with Northern Abolitionists and Federalists.' "—*Richmond Enquirer.*

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

Ran away from the subscriber, living near McGaheysville, Rockingham County, Virginia, on Sunday night, the 27th inst., fifteen or twenty negroes, including men, women and children. It seems, from recent developements, that they have for some time been laying plots to effect their escape, and it is very probable that some white persons have been engaged with them. There can be little doubt but that they are trying to escape either to Ohio or Pennsylvania; and may, perhaps, to secure their safety, travel either singly or in small squads. It is also suspected that they are supplied with free papers or passes. The above reward of 200 dollars will be given if taken out of the State, 100 dollars if taken in the State and out of the county, or 50 dollars, if taken in the county. A liberal reward will be given for any correct information respecting them.

HENRY KISLING & OTHERS.
McGaheysville, Va., June 28, 1841.

NEW-YORK AND VIRGINIA.—The Legislature of New Hampshire, by a vote of 160 to 51, have passed the following resolution, which is intended to bear upon the controversies between Maine and Georgia, and New-York and Virginia.

Resolved, That the refusal of one State to surrender a person charged with the commission of a crime within another State, and who shall flee from justice, is in open disregard of the plain letter of the Constitution, subversive of the peace and harmony of the Union, and destructive of the ends for which the Federal Constitution was established.

CAUTION TO SLAVEHOLDERS.—We are requested to caution the travelling public of Louisiana against going to Ohio with their slaves. One of our citizens, whose family, going to Philadelphia, was detained by illness a few days at Cincinnati, had a very valuable female servant, absolutely kidnapped and secreted by the abolitionists of that city—and no hope remained of her recovery. If the authorities of the Queen City cannot restrain such scoundrelism and robbery, the citizens of the slave States will have to avoid the place as they would a den of thieves.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

Selections.

HEAR THE SON OF A SLAVEHOLDER!

EXTRACTS FROM THE
SPEECH OF C. M. CLAY,
OF FAYETTE,

In the House of Representatives of Kentucky, January, 1841, *upon the Bill to repeal the law of* 1833, *"to prohibit the importation of slaves into this state." The House being in committee of the whole—Mr. Clay having the floor, said:*

Shall the slaves of our state be increased? If slavery is a blessing, by all means repeal this law; but if it be an evil, as I hold, as held Jefferson and Henry and Madison, and all the illustrious statesmen of the world from 1776 to the present day, then you dare not touch that law which stands like a wall of adamant, shielding our homes, and all that makes that name most sacred, from more than all the calamities that ever Barbarian invaders inflicted upon a conquered people. The gentleman from Breckenridge avows slavery to be a "blessing," and undertakes, by scripture, to hallow it with the sanction of Deity. This is a strange doctrine to be heard in any country, but to urge it here, among Kentuckians, and in this assembly, is not only strange but monstrous. I cannot assent to the argument. I oppose it upon every principle of truth and expediency, now and for ever; it saps the foundation of human liberty. If you sanction it now, where and to what shall I appeal, when the *sword* and the *purple* are arrayed against me? No, let not gentlemen, in their blind zeal to make slavery here "*perpetual*," cleave down the banner under which our forefathers fought and triumphed, the barrier against the oppressors of all lands, "that all men are born free and equal." The divine right of kings has fallen before the advance of civilization; the most loyal and despotic sticklers for royalty now speak only of the *historical* right of princes to rule. Can it be that this doctrine shall have fallen only, to give place to its more monstrous counterpart—the divine right of slavery? I understand our religion to leave the form of government and the municipal institutions of nations untouched; nay, sir, the Saviour of men disclaimed the right of interference—"give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's"—was his doctrine; it is also my doctrine. I am no reformer of governments. I leave slavery where I found it; 'tis not a matter of conscience with me: I press it not upon the consciences of others—"let him who formed the heart, judge of it alone." I admit, with the gentleman, the antiquity of slavery; that it has existed from time immemorial to the present day; yet, sir, in all that time, I find nothing to recommend it as a source of power, of glory, or of humanity.—Its first mention is in Genesis, where Isaac subjects Esau to Jacob. Esau rose up to slay his brother, and Jacob was forced to fly from his country. Evil, in the beginning, as it is now. The Jews were enslaved by Pharaoh in Egypt; what again were the consequences? In the metaphorical language of the historian, unheard of plagues came upon the Egyptians, which were terminated only by the entire destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. Jerusalem was destroyed, and the Jews led captive by Nebuchadnezzar, and held in bondage in the Assyrian empire. What was the result—glory, and dominion and safety? No, sir; these slaves were the cause of the destruction of Babylon, and the utter ruin of the empire. The inspired writers imputed the destruction to the oppression of the Jews; the profane agree in the result; whilst it requires no great sagacity to discover that slavery, through natural means alone, was commensurate as a cause of the result. 'Tis true that Darius or Cyaxerxes and Cyrus the Persian, turned aside the Euphrates and entered through the dry channel, beneath the walls, with their army; but it was by treachery only that he could pass the massive gates which barred the entrance from the river through the streets to the palace. The hand writing upon the wall was Hebrew; Daniel, the Hebrew, alone could read and interpret it to the doomed Belshazzar. Effeminacy and luxury had caused the Hebrew slave to rule over that once powerful and glorious nation; they were betrayed in the midst of revelry and self-confidence; they were destroyed in a night; and Daniel, the slave and the Jew, was made vice regent, under Cyrus, over all the shattered provinces. Thus passed away for ever the most splendid city that the world has seen, most impotently, without a struggle, leaving no vestige behind. I am gravely told, that in those countries of antiquity, where slavery existed, the human intellect reached the highest development; yet did slavery exist among all nations at that time. How happened it that a cause so general produced effects so limited? No, sir; the Grecian and Roman States were glorious in spite of slavery. The ancient historians say but little upon the subject of slavery; *perhaps they thought (as some do now) that nothing should be said on the subject of so great a "blessing;"* yet, whenever we do hear of it, desolation marked its progress, mentioned only in connection with the evils of its sufferance. Plutarch and Thucydides tell us that, during the reign of Archidamus, an earthquake threw Mount Taygetus upon the city of Sparta, and destroyed it. Their slaves, the Helots, those natural enemies of the master, immediately rose up and set upon the Lacedemonians; and this proud people were forced to call in their rivals, the Athenians, to protect them from domestic violence. We may judge of the prolonged desolation of the war, when we are told, that Ithome was besieged for ten years before it was taken. We may estimate the effects of slavery upon the moral sensibilities of that people, when we are informed that 2,000 slaves were massacred in a single night; and yet the perpetrators of the deed escaped prosecution, the whole community winking at the offence. The servile wars in the Roman Empire are too well known to be dwelt upon. Slavery there certainly formed no element of strength or greatness. If the slaves who cultivated the soil had been free Roman citizens, (a check upon the enervated and luxurious population) Cæsar might not have been the master of the world, and Rome might have yet been free. Has slavery in modern times been the foundation of greatness and civilization? Why, then, have Asia and Africa been subject to non-slaveholding Europe; and why has South America, with all her slaves, rested stationary in barbarism, while North America, under a different policy, has risen up the first among the civilized nations? Modern slavery, more marked and distinctive in its character than ancient, is so much the more terrible in its consequences. Formerly, the color being the same, 'twas easy to merge the slave into the freedman, and the freedman into the citizen; but now the difference of color is an eternal badge of servitude and infamy—an impassible barrier between the two races. The massacre of St. Domingo, and the insurrection of Southampton, speak they of "blessings" of peace, of glory, and power? The most overwhelming self-delusion cannot be deaf to the despairing energy with which all history cries aloud and swears that Deity has not designed that slavery should be the necessary foundation of "liberty"* and civilization! If the Old Testament seemed to sanction the institution of slavery, (and I might ask, what phasis of human action under the sun did it *not* sanction?) there is nothing, surely in the Christian religion which regards slavery with eyes of peculiar approbation. Those precepts upon which are said to rest the "law and the prophets," certainly are not the foundations upon which involuntary slavery can intrench itself. The Virginia statue of 1753 first making slaves, excepted Moors and Turks in alliance with the British King, and Christians and persons once free in a Christian land. Thus, it seems, that the founders of slavery in America so far regarded the Christian religion at war with slavery, that, in whatever land its immortal banner was raised, it was the shield of the weak and the oppressed, the palladium of eternal liberty to the vilest wretch who could clothe himself in the inviolable panoply of the Christian name.

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The gentleman from Breckenridge has spoken of the lower classes of New England as being "slaves—worse than slaves;" and because we have alluded to the genius of that people as developed in literature, and especially in the useful sciences and mechanic arts, we are taunted as being allied in feeling to "Yankees." Since the ever memorable reply of Daniel Webster to the South Carolinian, on Foote's resolutions, I had supposed that no one would venture to deride the name of "Yankee." They need no defence at my hands—I shall make none. I am a Kentuckian, of the Virginian descent. I have not been taught to consider praise given to another, as so much detraction from myself; nor have I thought it necessary, to establish my claims to the honor of being of the true blood, that I should despise and abuse all the world besides. It is the part of friendship to supply defects, and to correct errors: because I am proud of my State and love her renown, I call upon her, by all the triumphs of the past, to seek the true road to permanent happiness and ultimate glory.

[Mr. Clay here read from a newspaper an extract, showing that there had been orders from all parts of the world for various kinds of American machinery, —grist mills for Holland; steam cars for England; steam vessels for Russia; cotton gins for India, &c. &c.]

I would now ask the advocates of slave labor, how long shall we wait till we shall be able to supply Europe with such specimens of manufacture and artistical ingenuity? How long before Holland will send to Kentucky for grist mills? How long before the eyes of the gentleman from Breckenridge shall glow at the sight of such railroad steam cars, of Kentucky make, as Philadelphia has lately had the honor of shipping for the admiration of other lands? How long before we shall here see such a steam ship as lately floated in the harbors of New-York, for the emperor of Russia? We have waited for two hundred years to see these things; but alas! we have not seen them. How many hundred years longer shall our hearts fail with the sickness of hope deferred, before we shall partake of the triumph of these creations of "Yankee" genius? Like the doomed Jew, we wonder on in darkness and sullen expectancy, clinging with desperate fondness to the cast-off idols of days that are gone, unconscious of the heavenly light which surrounds us, and the Deity that moves in our midst! Have we succeeded better in literary eminence? I might ask of the South, as the British reviewer did of America, who reads a southern book? Where are our Irvings and Coopers? Where our Percivals and Hallecks?—Where our Sillimans, and Hares, and Fultons, and Franklins? Our very presses and paper and printers even, are of Yankee manufacture. 'Tis true in the departments of law and politics—those ever tense and exciting professions—those hot-beds of intellect, we have produced some splendid specimens of mental development; but they only make us the more deeply regret that so much mind should lie forever dormant, perishing in the embryo, or sunk in the stagnant pools of luxury and indolence, which slavery spreads far abroad like the fabled Stygian lake—an eternal barrier between its doomed spirits and a higher Heaven. And shall I, then, be taunted with Yankee feeling, because I would dispel the the deep lethargy which rests upon our loved Kentucky? Shall I speak of her triumphs upon every battle field, from Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico? Shall I tell of her characteristic eloquence, which, whether heard in rude accents on the stump, or more polished phrase in halls of national legislation, fears no rivalry? Shall I name her Boones, her Kentons, her Estills, and her Bryants—the hardy stock upon which were grafted the more polished actions of fairer bloom, and fruit more mature? Shall I aggregate her glory, and give names to its impersonations? Shall I speak of her Breckenridges, her Nicholases, her Marshalls, and her Clays—they whose names live with Kentucky, and die when she dies—they who formed the constitution of the State, and breathed into that sacred charter the same free spirit which animated their own bosoms? What said they?—That "slavery was a blessing, the foundation of human liberty?"—that it should be perpetual? No, sir! no! The law of '33 but carries out and fulfils their just expectations and cherished hopes. The same impress of wisdom and patriotism which characterizes that instrument, signed by my father, (if I may be pardoned the egotism,) and by your father, (Mr. Calhoun's,) marks this law. And it is with feelings of pride and increased confidence, that I and the descendants of those Breckenridges, and Nicholases, and Marshalls, are now standing up the most fearless defenders of this same much-abused statute. It is the cause of our fathers which I vindicate—we are degenerate sons if it fail.

The gentleman from Breckenridge would import slaves "to clear up the forests of the State—the Green river country demands the repeal." Take one day's ride from this capitol, and then go home and tell them that you have looked upon the most fertile and lovely land that nature boasts, and have seen it in the space of fifty years, worn to the rock—tell them of the drains, and clay banks, and brier fields, —tell them of the houses untenanted and decaying—tell them of the depopulation of the interior counties, and the ruin of our villages—tell them all this, and more—tell them that the white Kentuckian has fled before the Ethiopian—tell them that you have heard the whites cry for bread, while the blacks were clothed and fed, and laughed; and then ask them if they will have blacks to fell their forests? Tell them that the Green river is acquiring new streugth in this house, while the interior representation is fading away—tell them that Clarke has but one member here, and that Bourbon, which once voted three thousand strong, is reduced to one thousand six hundred voters; tell them that Fayette has ten thousand slaves,—as many slaves as she has horses,—then ask them if they will repeal this law? Tell them this, and, my life for it, they will stand for this law for ever.

It may be asked, if the worn and waste land, seen even in the richest portions of the State, is owing to slave labor. I answer, yes. Ignorance and carelessness, which are necessarily combined in the slave, makes his the most slovenly and wasteful of all labor. The field is ploughed—a cross furrow is run—

* See Governor McDuffie's inaugaral address, and Mr. Wickliffe's speech on the law of 1832-3.

the rain falls—the water collects in the common trench—the land is washed to the rock—the slave may be corrected—but the evil is not remedied, and the soil is lost, and the field turned waste. These things will not be seen in the free States; land which here is turned waste, or white oak, and unoccupied, are better bases than those in New England, which have been improved, and have contributed to the sustenance and education of respectable families. The easy life of the slaveholder destroys his vigilance and activity; supersedes the necessity of economy, and the habit of accumulation—let not, therefore, gentlemen be astonished that the North is radiant with railroads, whilst the South, with more natural resources of wealth, follows an immeasurable distance behind. I shall not dwell upon the fact, that all the educated mind is idle and unproductive; nor press the fact, that idleness leads to crimes innumerable, and saps the foundations of morality, whilst it necessarily induces physical destitution. The effects of slavery upon the temper, the affections, and the moral sensibilities, are too painful to consider—I gladly pass them.

With all these facts pressing upon my every movement, I am denounced, because I will not admit slavery to be a blessing, and receive more of it; and the gentleman undertakes to threaten me, and hold me responsible to public opinion, for every word I may utter on this floor. Sir, I strike hands with the gentleman! and when he admits that "*white labor is cheaper than slave labor*," and that "*slave labor drives out white labor*," and declares, that, "*white laborers are slaves*," in the name of *five hundred thousand freemen of Kentucky*,* *I denounce the gentleman as warring upon their dearest interests, and as pursuing a reckless policy that dries up their subsistence, and outlaws and banishes them from their native land!!!* No, sir; the gentleman—not I—is the defender of aristocrats. Let him tell us again, as we have been told before, that slavery stands in the way of education—let him be consistent—let him bring in a bill, as I am told he threatens to do, to abolish the common school system—let him monopolize learning as well as wealth—let the people rest in deep ignorance for ever; then they will never know their rights; and then only, may this law be repealed.

Mr. Chairman, this is not the first time that I have heard the cry of abolitionism. It has no terrors to my ear. Bowie knives and belted pistols, and the imprecations of a maddened mob's vengeance, have not driven me from my country's cause. My blood, and the blood of all whom I hold most dear, is ready when she calls for the sacrifice; but I shall be a tame victim neither to force nor to denunciation; and whilst abolitionism rages in the North, backed by Holland, and France, and England, and, if you please, urged on by a world in arms, there is, in these United States, a party still more dangerous to all that makes life desirable, or liberty glorious. Never, sir, till after the ever-memorable and impotent attempt to dissolve this Union, did I hear or read of slavery, as the foundation of human liberty. The message of Governor McDuffie has the bad eminence of having broached and set forth this monstrous and unheard of doctrine, that filled the whole civilized world with astonishment and dismay. A distinguished gentleman from Fayette, and the honorable member from Breckenridge, are the only avowed converts to this new religion, that I have ever seen. I am bound to believe that the honorable member is not initiated into the greater mysteries of this modern sect—nay, sir, I will undertake to say that he is not: but standing here in my place, with a just sense of all the weighty responsibilities which rest upon me as a man, and as the representative of a gallant State, I declare that there is a party in this country, who, disregarding all the sacred memories of the past, and the yet glorious anticipations of the future, would for ever destroy the union of these States.—They are the advocates of perpetual slavery—they are "the last state" nullifiers, southern *unionists*—they are the *disunionists*. Conventions must be held, say some in Kentucky—Conventions must be held, says the Governor of Alabama†—"the slave population must be diffused over all the slave States"—rules must be adopted for mutual safety, and permanent security of slave property. Can any man, in his senses, affect to misunderstand to what all this leads? I declare, sir, Kentucky is this day called upon to act—to take her stand now, and for ever. I know not what course others may pursue, but, for my single self, I have made up my mind—"sink or swim, live or perish, I stand by the" Union.

Shall we rest in fatal security till this law is repealed—the slave population diffused—conventions held—till we are shorn of our strength by calumny, and bound hand and foot, and given over by our leaders to this Southern Union? No. I lift up my voice now—here, in the face of all Kentucky, I do most solemnly *protest against these treasonable schemes.* The broad banner of the United States' Constitution is my shield and only safety—tear not my State—let not, I implore you, old Kentucky pass from under its hallowed panoply. Let it not be in vain that Adams, and Franklin, and Henry, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Hamilton, have lived; not in vain that Washington, and Greene, and Lincoln, and Fayette, and heroes innumerable, hoped, and bled, and died—not in vain that liberty has been proclaimed throughout the world, and the sunken spirit of millions elevated by the cry of freedom! Let not the treasure and blood which in the last war—the second revolution—added fresh laurels to a "nation of brothers," have been spent in vain! Let not Thames, and Erie, and Champlain, and New Orleans, rest in vain in the memories of men. By all the deep and inextinguishable yearnings of the immortal spirit for all that is good and glorious, let not our hopes perish! let not the Union be dissolved! In the day of trial, there shall be one Kentuckian shrouded under the stars and stripes—one heart undesecrated with the faith that slavery is the foundation of civil liberty—one being who could not live in a government denying the right of petition, abolishing the liberty of the press, and the liberty of speech —one man who would not be the outlaw of nations —the slave of a slave!

* There are, in round numbers, 600,000 whites in Kentucky—there cannot be one slaveholder in six—about one in ten, perhaps, a true estimate.

† Late message of the Governor of Alabama, and R. Wickliffe's speech.

From the New-York Mirror of Liberty.

We trust our brethren are awake to the important Convention of the 'American Reform Board of Disfranchised Commissioners,' which is to be held in the city of New-York, in September next, and that they will report, with other statistics, the number of churches, church members, and clergymen, in their respective places, and the brethren whom they know to be imprisoned in chain-gangs at the South, as set forth in the following

CIRCULAR.

NEW-YORK, May 1st, 1841.

DEAR BROTHER:—We the undersigned, a select Committee of the "American Reformed Board of Disfranchised Commissioners," have the honor to address you in behalf of the Association of which you have been respecfully appointed an officer.*

"The object of this Society is to promote intelligence, that its members and others may know our true condition,—to vindicate equal human rights,—to take special cognizance of the oppressive legal or illegal customs under which we groan,—to unite and energize in securing our immediate relief and enfranchisement."

The Committee, confident in your desire to promote the elevation of our injured brethren, take the liberty to urge upon you the necessity of laying the contents of this communication before our people in the place in which you reside, and call upon them to rise from their lethargy, and established a "BOND OF UNION" in the cause of reform.

It must be plain to every intelligent person, that we must have a *nucleus* around which we can rally, as a depressed and disfranchised people, to exchange views with each other and resolve to "unite" and "*energize*" in the promotion of our suffering cause.

We must expect the opposition of unprincipled men—perhaps some good, though misguided men,—

* See No. 4, Mirror of Liberty. Should this Circular meet the eye of any brother who is not a member of the Association, he is earnestly requested to be active in the cause of reform.

but such opposition should only increase our action, under God, in carrying forward our cause, for we have a "great work to do," and must "not come down."

We should sympathise with each other more than we do, "*that we may know our own true condition*" from the north to the south, from the east to the west, and be united in

"Agitating, individually, collectively, and unanimously, in State and National Conventions, until equal rights shall crown our labors with success."

Every good man and true should be warned that lethargy is treachery, and that it is his duty to overcome any impediment or opposition that may be thrown in his way, and promote the object we have in view.

Believing that your knowledge of the state of our cause will prompt you to attend the first Annual Meeting of the Association, to be held in this city on the 8th of September next, the Committee will only add the request that you report to the Convention,

First,—The statistics of our people in the place in which you reside.

Secondly,—The number of children in schools, and the state of education, &c.

Thirdly,—The number of mechanics, their different trades, and how employed.

Fourthly,—The condition of our people generally in relation to the "PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS."

We have the honor to be, yours, &c.
L. BODINE,
WM. A. TYSON,
S. HARDENBURGH,
W. W. BEDFORD,
REUBEN RUBY,
} *Committee.*

N. B.—Brethren, should there be no Auxiliary Association in your town, it is hoped that you will organize without delay, and send a synopsis of your proceedings, with a list of officers, to be published in the Mirror of Liberty.

All communications must be POST PAID, and addressed to D. RUGGLES, Corresponding Secretary, New-York.

CHURCH ACTION ON SLAVERY.

By the London Convention, England.

"Resolved, 1. That it is the deliberate and deeply-rooted conviction of this meeting, which it publicly and solemnly expresses to the world, that slavery, in whatever form or in whatever country it may exist, is contrary to the eternal and immutable principles of justice, and the spirit and precepts of Christianity, and is therefore *a sin against God*, which acquires additional enormity when committed by nations professedly Christian, and in an age, when the subject has been so generally discussed, and its criminality so thoroughly exposed.

"Resolved, 2. That this meeting cannot but deeply deplore the fact, that the continuance and prevalence of slavery are to be attributed, in a great degree, to the countenance afforded by many Christian churches, especially in the Western world, which have not only withheld that public and emphatic testimony against the crime, which it deserves, but have retained in their communion, without censure, those by whom it is notoriously perpetrated.

"Resolved, 3. That this meeting, while it disclaims the intention or desire of dictating to Christian communities the terms of their fellowship, respectfully submits that *it is their incumbent duty to separate from their communion all those persons, who*, AFTER THEY HAVE BEEN FAITHFULLY WARNED IN THE SPIRIT OF THE GOSPEL, *continue in the sin of enslaving their fellow creatures, or holding them in slavery:* a sin, by the commission of which, with whatever mitigating circumstances it may be attended in their own particular instance, they give the support of their example to the whole system of compulsory servitude, and the unutterable horrors of the slave trade."

Similar Resolutions have been adopted by numerous religious organizations, of different denominations, in Great Britain.

The New England Methodist Conference, 1841.

If we mistake not, this is the *first* time this body have been able to pass such resolutions.

The committee on slavery, having attended to the duty assigned them by the Conference, beg leave to report—

That slavery not only exists in our land, but within the sacred enclosure of our own church, that its influence is disastrous to the prosperity of the church and the progress of truth, and that it is the duty of all men, but especially those who love God and keep his commandments, to do all in their power for the extirpation of a system, the influence of which strikes at the root of all social order and happiness. That it becomes us as the friends of humanity, as ministers of the gospel, to pray for the slave and the slaveholder, to exhort, reprove, and rebuke with long suffering and patience those who countenance and sustain this horrid system of wrong and cruelty.

Your committee feel that we cannot, ought not to be silent on this subject, while the victims of oppression are yearly increasing; that it is our imperious duty to urge its consideration on our general conference until that conference shall take proper and energetic measures for the removal of an evil over which humanity weeps, and mercy hangs bleeding.

In conclusion, your committee beg leave to recommend for the adoption of the conference, the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That it is the deliberate and solemn conviction of this conference, that slavery is a sin against God, man, and nature, contrary to the dictates of conscience and pure religion.

2. Resolved, That as a body of Christian ministers, we regard the existence of slavery in the church of our choice, with the deepest mortification and the most sincere regret; and in view of the alarming fact that seventy or eighty thousand of our own brethren and sisters, redeemed by the same blood, and cherishing the same hope of immortality, are held in the condition of goods and chattels, exposed to the most fearful moral, physical, and social calamities, we adopt the lamentation of Jeremiah, (ix. 1.) "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."

3. Resolved, That it is sacredly obligatory on us, in the use of all "wise and prudent means," to seek the immediate and universal extirpation of slavery.

4. Resolved, That the committee be instructed to prepare a memorial to the general conference on the subject of colored testimony, and present it to this conference at its next session.

New School Presbyterian Synod, Canton, Illinois, October, 1841.

Whereas, it is desirable that the testimony on every subject should be clear and distinct; and as former declarations of this Synod on the subject of slavery are differently understood; Therefore,

Resolved, 1. That, in the judgment of this Synod, slaveholding is such a palpable violation of the law of God, and so incompatible with the principles and maxims of the gospel of Jesus Christ, that it ought not to be tolerated in the Church.

2. That in the present crisis, when in the providence of God most of the slaveholders are separated from our connection, it becomes us to improve the opportunity afforded us, to exclude for ever all slaveholders from our pulpits and our communion.

By slaveholders we mean all such as buy or sell human beings, or claim the right to hold or use them as property.

3. We do earnestly recommend to the Presbyteries of which this Synod is composed, and the Sessions under their care, to take such order on this subject as shall exclude from their communion and pulpits all who are guilty of this sin, having been found thus guilty by a regular process of church discipline.

4. Therefore, while we commiserate those who may be embarrassed by the unrighteous laws of some of the States of this nation, and held unwillingly in the relation of master, we would "have compassion on such, making a difference, pulling them out of the fire, hating even the garments spotted by the flesh."

Baptist Association, Shaftesbury, Vermont, 1841.

Resolved, That American slavery is sinful under all possible circumstances—that its essential ingredients are those flagrant violations of God's law and the rights of man, which the Bible every where condemns, and which, separate from slavery, every where exclude those who are guilty of them from the pale of the Christian Church.

Resolved, That to exclude slaveholders from the pulpit and the communion table, is to institute no new 'test'—that the test is as old as Christianity, and identical with its most commonly received practices.

Resolved, That the time has fully come for measures to be taken to open channels for our benevolent contributions, which shall not be contaminated with the price of blood.

Methodist Conference, Dover, New Hampshire, 1841.

Resolved, That we have been the past year far too remiss in our efforts for the slaves, and that we will hereafter avail ourselves of holidays and other appropriate occasions to preach on this subject, and that we will co-operate with agents and friends of the slave, whenever opportunity is presented.

That we urgently recommend to all our preachers and people, to prepare and circulate memorials to the next General Conference, praying that body to rescind the resolution passed at its last session, respecting colored testimony; and to purify the church from the sin of slavery.

Whereas slaveholding is inherently sinful in the sight of God, and a scandal to the Christian religion; therefore,

Resolved, That it is the duty of the Christian Church to exert all the influence of expostulation to induce professors of Christianity who are now guilty, to forsake the great sin of enslaving their fellowmen; and that when this reproof fails to reform, the incorrigible offender should be cut off from the communion and fellowship of the church.

Resolved, That we regard the system of American colonization as founded in prejudice, pro-slavery in its character, deceptive in its professions, and cruel in its operations; a system of persecution to the colored race, and well calculated to foster and perpetuate slavery; and that it is totally unworthy of the countenance or support of any philanthropist or Christian.

Londonderry Presbytery, New Hampshire, 1841.

Whereas, the practice of enslaving and of buying and selling our fellow-men still prevails in some of the States of this Union, and among many of the members of the Presbyterian church;

And whereas we regard these practices as extremely sinful in the sight of God, and derogatory to the character of a Christian or a man; therefore,

Resolved, That we feel called upon to repeat the sentiments expressed by this body at its meeting in 1837, viz:—

1. Resolved, That in the opinion of this Presbytery, the system of slavery, as it exists in this country, and in some portions of the Presbyterian Church, is a great moral evil and heinous sin against God.

2. That we earnestly and affectionately intreat all the members of the church in our communion to use all the efforts they can, consistently with the word of God, to remove this evil.

3. That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be laid before the General Assembly, at their next meeting, by our Commissioner.

Presbytery of Peoria, Illinois, 1841.

The committee on the subject of slavery presented their Report, which was accepted, adopted, and is as follows:—

"We have already declared our views of slavery, as existing in these United States, and practised by many ministers and members of our churches—'That it is essentially evil in itself, and that all its bearings and tendencies are evil; and so far from being sanctioned by the law of God, it is heathenish in its origin; and utterly incompatible with the spirit and precepts of Christianity, *and ought not to be tolerated by the Church of God.*'

"We are now ready to say, decidedly, that we are not willing to retain in our communion, and much less admit to preach in our pulpits, *those who buy or sell human beings, or those who claim a right to hold or use them as property.*

"While, therefore, we commiserate those who may be embarrassed by the unrighteous laws which exist in some of the States of this nation, and are thereby held unwillingly in the relation of master, yet we believe it to be the imperious duty of all who profess the religion of Jesus Christ to bear their decided testimony against a system which is fraught with pollution and crime."

Genessee Consociation, at Stafford, N. Y., 1841.

Resolved, That slavery, as it exists in the United States, is a violation of all rights, and a heinous sin against God; and ought in no instance to be tolerated by the Church of Christ.

Resolved, That it is the imperative duty of every minister of Christ, and all Christians, to bear their testimony against this sin, and to use all righteous means in their power, for its total extinction.

Resolved, That the recent action of the Legislature of this State, in the repeal of the law by which slaves could be held within the limits of this State, nine months in the year, furnishes an occasion for encouragement to the friends of liberty, and for unfeigned gratitude to Almighty God.

Merrimack County Congregational Conference, at Hopkinton, 1841.

Whereas the system of slavery as it exists in the land, not only tends to deprive the enslaved of the means of moral and mental elevation, to degrade him to a state of heathenism, and to destroy his soul, but is intrinsically sinful in the sight of God; therefore,

1. Resolved, That as a Conference, we feel called upon to lift our voice of warning, and to bear an earnest and solemn testimony against this system, as one which ought to be immediately and forever abolished.

2. That, as in the opinion of this Conference, slaveholding and slave-trading are inconsistent with religion and morality, we cannot consistently with our principles, knowingly invite ministers to our pulpits, or professed Christians to our communion, who are, in these respects, guilty.

3. That we believe it to be the duty of Christians every where to take a firm and decided position against slavery, and to spare no effort consistent with the gospel to effect its removal from the Church and the world.

4. That we earnestly request the General Association of this State to correspond with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, and with the ecclesiastical bodies under their charge, on the subject of taking speedy and Christian measures for the removal of slavery within their bounds.

5. That we recommend to the churches connected with this Conference, continued prayers for the enslaved, and in concert, where it shall be deemed practicable and expedient.

Baptist Convention, Hartford, Conn., 1841.

Resolved, That we consider slavery, as it exists in this country, a deplorable moral evil, and a sin against God; and we affectionately, yet earnestly, exhort our brethren and all concerned, to put away this evil from among them; which was unanimously adopted.

Presbytery of Athens, Ohio, May, 1841.

1. Resolved, That duty to God, to our country, to the Church of Jesus Christ, to the slaveholders, and to the slaves, require us earnestly to protest against sl

5. Resolved, That in the opinion of this Presbytery, *the sin of slaveholding should be treated as any other sin*, and therefore, that Presbytery *will not receive under its care, for the purpose of licensure, any person known to be guilty of this sin*, without satisfactory evidence of his having repented of it. And that ministers thus guilty, who may be received to this Presbytery by certificate from other Presbyteries, be instructed, that we shall feel ourselves *bound to pursue the same steps of labor and discipline, as in the case of any other similar offence*; and that the sessions of our churches be requested to act on the same principle in regard to the admission of members to their respective churches.

Congregational Church, Canterbury, New Hampshire, April, 1841.

The Congregational church of Christ in Canterbury, April 9, 1841, passed the following preamble and resolutions:—

Whereas, the system of slavery, as it exists in the United States, is a system of injustice, oppression, fraud and robbery; a violation of the inalienable rights of man, and in all cases, a flagrant sin against God, and directly opposed to the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and that injunction of our Savior, "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do you even so to them:"

Therefore—Resolved, That it is the duty of the Church solemnly and unequivocally to protest against the sin of slaveholding, and to manifest, in all suitable ways, an uncompromising hostility to the whole system of American slavery.

2. Resolved, That *we cannot, conscientiously, extend the hand of Christian fellowship to Churches that tolerate slaveholding in their members, nor will we invite to our communion table, or into the pulpit, those who claim a right to hold property in man.*

From the Portsmouth Gazette.

SOUTHERN BANKRUPTCY.

The following extracts from the Northampton Courier, founded in part upon statements of a writer in the New-York Journal of Commerce, will make us prize more highly our Northern system of industry, and deprecate that system which carries its own curse, and tends to bankruptcy. The writer affirms, that the Northern, in their commercial intercourse with the Southern States, annually lose more than $50,000,000. He says,—

"When it is considered, that on the calculation, that it costs on an average only $50 a year to support each individual of the white population, and $18 a year each, for the support of the slaves, at the South, so far are they from maintaining themselves, that the Southern States sink, in the excess of their expenditures over the income *more than* $50,000,000 *every year!*—every dollar of which, by the way, comes out of the productive industry of the North."

"A few years ago the credit of the Southern merchants knew no bounds, and they are now involved in debt to a vast amount, and cannot pay. The truth is, the whole Southern and Southwestern sections of the Union are hopelessly bankrupt. They owe to the North not only more money than they can pay, but more than they ever can possibly raise under their present domestic arrangements. At the rate they have proceeded during the last few years, they will not only sink themselves, but will ultimately drag down the nation with them. Besides the millions of dollars that have been swallowed up in the shape of goods, purchased of Northern merchants and manufacturers, it is terrible to look at the havoc that has been made in our monied institutions, in consequence of trusting to Southern resources. Some $20,000,000, have gone from the United States Bank alone, besides an aggregate of many millions more, from other banking institutions, into the same fathomless gulf."

The South is indebted to the manufacturers of slaves shoes in Lynn, Mass, about $3,000,000, to the city of New-York more than a 100,000,000; and to the whole North from 3 to $500,000,000. Such statements we have seen going the round of the press. Can they be true? If so, we seem to have something to do with the domestic system of the South; at least so far as the Northern *purse* is concerned. Can the South pay their debts in money? It is conceded they cannot. What then have they besides their growing crops? Twelve hundred millions in slaves. But these will not sell for a single dollar in our Northern markets. We fear that there is too much truth in the assertion, that they cancel their debts by becoming bankrupts.

We treat this subject not as an incendiary topic of the day, but as a question requiring the investigation of statesmen, as being deeply connected with the most vital interests of the Union. We meddle not with Southern institutions. But we do believe, that the pursuits of industry confer more happiness, than a state of indolence, and a luxurious mode of living.

The wealth of a nation is the result of labor.—Products, not money, are the only substantial source of national prosperity and wealth. We are told by Mr. Jefferson (notes on Virginia) as well as by others, that the Southern white population deem manual labor to be degrading; they will not labor. In comparison with Northern laborers, the Southern blacks will not do half a day's work. When we compare the exhausted and sterile soil of the old Southern States, the indolence, poverty, and wretched condition of the mass of the population, with the well cultivated, fertile fields of the free States, with the thrift, industry and prosperous state of the inhabitants, we can have no doubt, that the difference is attributable to the system of slavery. In the free States, skill and labor receive their reward, and this is an incentive to exertion—the main-spring to industry. In the Southern States, there is no such stimulus to labor. There being in the laboring classes of the South no voluntary motive to exertion, it is now, as it was in ancient time, the value of the man is sunk in degradation. In support of this, Mr. Jefferson quotes the following couplet:—

"Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away."

The preceding remarks, if correct, furnish a solution of the question, why are the South so largely indebted to the North? It is the natural tendency, inherent in the Southern system, to produce a state of bankruptcy.

A VOICE FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

The Non-Comformist, a new organ of the dissenters, published in London, copies the following:

AT A GENERAL ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION FOR WESTERN NEW-YORK, HELD IN THE Village of PALMYRA, in the County of WAYNE, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 2nd and 3rd of February, 1841. Present 300 Delegates.

The following Resolutions were supported by Edward John Sears, Rev. Octavius Mason, Rev. John Mandeville, jun., Rev. Isaac C. Goff, J. C. Jackson, J. C. Hathaway and others; and after a full and free discussion, were adopted without a dissenting voice.

Resolved—That we recognize no sectarian views as necessary to a full and free membership in an Anti-Slavery Association, and that all who believe in the "sinfulness of slavery, and the duty of immediate emancipation," are welcome to our ranks, and we give them the right hand of fellowship.

Resolved—That whatever may be the difference of opinion between William Lloyd Garrison and ourselves, upon questions not legitimate to the anti-slavery enterprise, we think none the less of him as an abolitionist, and tender him our sympathy, as one who has labored long and faithfully in the cause, and consider him fully worthy of our confidence.

Resolved—That whatever may be William Lloyd Garrison's private opinions, or peculiar theology, it is not competent for American or British abolitionists to arraign him therefor, and attempt to ruin his abolition character on account of those views.

Resolved—That we feel the fullest assurance that the executive committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society would depute no man to represent it in England who is unworthy of the confidence of British abolitionists.

President—JOHN SEARS.

Vice Presidents—WILLIAM T. CODDING,
LUTHER REEVES,
OCTAVIUS MASON,
WILLARD CHASE,
VANIAH YEOMANS.

Secretaries—ISAAC C. GOFF,
J. R. CUMMINGS,
P. D. HATHAWAY.

The following editorial remarks are appended:

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENTS.

"We beg to direct the attention of our readers to an advertisment inserted in our columns containing resolutions passed by the Anti-Slavery Convention for Western New-York held in the village of Palmyra, in February last, at which three hundred delegates were present. We think it a serious evil, a great impediment to the progress of the principles of truth, that differences of opinion on other subjects, should stand in the way of cordial union on the question of the abolition of slavery. Whatever may be the opinions of Mr. Garrison on other matters, no one, we presume, will be disposed to deny, that the cause of slave-abolition has received the most important benefit from his manly and unflinching advocacy of a whole principle against a half-and-half compromising attempt to make good and evil shake hands and be friends. We have reason to know that nothing is more dangerous, in the present day, than to act out a principle in the love of it; and that to charge a conventional concession to wrong with any sympathy with the wrong which it attempts to shield, constitutes the unpadonable sin against artificial society. We are sorry to believe that these things live on the other side the Atlantic. Such twists of society will, we confidently hope, be one day set straight.

Meanwhile, however, we desire to publish anew our maxim, if it be not already sufficiently understood, that we readily co-operate with all men, whom we have reason to believe sincere, in giving effect to a principle which we approve. They who refuse to unite with men in carrying out a principle which they love, simply because on other matters there may be little sympathy, are, in our judgment, compulsionists, whatever they may profess.—They would have an establishment if they could, and an inquisition as an appendix to the same."

A SLAVER.

Lately, an account appeared in the newspapers, of the capture of a small craft, near New Orleans, with a crew of seven men, having a quantity of fire arms and other weapons. She was supposed to be a pirate, and to have been concerned in the robbery of a vessel, that had left New Orleans, May 31st, with a few passengers and a cargo of lumber, and was subsequently found, about twenty-five miles East of the Balize, without a soul on board, her forcastle and steerage empty, and rifled of every thing. Since then, however, on examination, it has been shown, that the craft in question is a slaver, fitted out to carry slaves from Cuba to Texas, and the crew have been discharged. A crew that would trade in slaves, would not hesitate to commit piracy—so that we still suspect these miscreants of having been concerned in the robbery of the vessel spoken of above.

The account corroborates the idea, that slaves are frequently smuggled from Cuba to Texas.—*Philanthropist.*

Quaker Meeting.—A young man from the country lately on a visit to a Quaker, was prevailed on to accompany him to meeting. It happened to be a silent one. When he left the meeting-house with his young friend, he asked him, "How did thee like the meeting?" to which he pettishly replied, "Like it! why I can see no sense in it, to go and sit for whole hours together without speaking a word. It is enough to kill the devil!" "Yea, my friend," rejoined the Quaker, "that is just what we want."

A. B. C. of ABOLITION:

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET EXAMINED THE SUBJECT.

ANTI-SLAVERY CATECHISM.

BY MRS. CHILD.

Question. Is it not for the master's interest to treat the slaves well?

Answer. So it is for the interest of men to treat their horses and cattle well; and yet their passions not unfrequently make them forget their interests. Passive obedience is obtained from human beings with more difficulty than from animals; and when the master *is* provoked, the poor slave is completely in his power, with scarcely the shadow of protection from the law. The law in no case recognises slaves as human beings; on the contrary, it expressly declares they "shall be deemed, sold, taken, and reputed to be *chattels personal*, in the hands of their owners and possessors, their administrators and assigns, to all intents, constructions, and *purposes whatsoever.*" An act of Maryland, for the settlement of estates, enumerates specific articles, such as "slaves, working beasts, animals," &c. Where even the *laws* consider human beings as animals, it is not a matter of surprise that they are generally treated no better than self-interest leads men to treat animals. You will likewise perceive that when the slave becomes old, or diseased, or in any way unfit for labor, it is *not* for the interest of his master to prolong his existence by rendering it comfortable. Then again that part of the system connected with *overseers*, shows plainly that the self-interest of the master cannot effectually secure good treatment to the slave. If planters were to give overseers a stated salary, without regard to the amount of produce, the overseers (who are proverbially unprincipled men) would have no motive for consulting the interest of their employers—it would be a matter of indifference to them whether much or little work were done. To obviate this difficulty, it is customary to give the overseer a certain *proportion* of the profits of the plantation. Of course, it becomes his ruling desire to get the greatest possible amount of work done. He does not care how much the soil is exhausted, nor how much the negroes are broken down. If a slave says he is very ill, the overseer is unwilling to believe the story, because he is reluctant to lose a day's labor. If the poor creature droops under his allotted task, he must be stimulated by the whip, because the overseer cannot spare an hour of his exertions. If the "slave dies under [illegible] new laborer; and the loss falls on *him*, not on the overseer. It is obviously natural for the latter personage to think more of his own gains than of his employer's losses. Every body knows that men are prone to drive hired horses with less mercy than their own; because they do not meet with any personal loss from injury done to the beasts, and their object is to get their money's worth of riding. Is it not a fearful thing for one human being to be placed towards another in the same relation that a stable-horse is toward the man who hires him? When planters are reminded of instances of cruelty, too well authenticated to be denied, they are prone to lay the blame upon overseers. Mr. Wirt, of Virginia, speaks of this class of men as "the lowest of the human race—always cap in hand to the dons who employ them, and furnishing materials for their pride, insolence, and love of dominion." If we had no such information concerning the character of these men, we should naturally conclude that good people would be averse to enter into such an employment. Yet overseers and drivers are a necessary part of this bad system, because slaves are entirely deprived of the motives which induce free laborers to work; and since overseers must be employed, it is necessary to make it for their interest to get as much work out of the slave as possible. The evils of slavery are necessary and inevitable parts of the system; and whether the planters reprobate them or not, they cannot possibly avoid them, except by relinquishing the system. The master and his subordinate agents *must* have discretionary power to punish, because their poor human brutes, being deprived of salutary motives to exertion, must be driven to it. The slave *must* not be allowed to buy or sell, or make the most trifling contracts; because the oppressed being would naturally avail himself of this privilege, and sell some of the cotton or tobacco, which he cultivates for his master without wages. The laws *must* punish them with great severity; because the very nature of their condition is a constant temptation to theft, falsehood, and murder. They *must* be kept brutally ignorant; because if they were otherwise, they could not be kept in slavery. Licentiousness *must* be countenanced among them; because their master's interest is connected with their increase, and he might lose many good bargains if the laws did not allow him to sell a wife from her husband, or a husband from his wife. The law *must* suppose a negro to be a slave, till he proves himself free; because runaway slaves would of course pretend that they were free. They *must* not be allowed to witness against a white man; for a slave may have had a wife or a child whipped to death by a white man—and he may have many other good reasons for strong prejudice against white men. An unnatural system *must* be sustained by unnatural means. Hence we find the same characteristic features in every country where negro slavery has been allowed.

Q. Some people think slavery as great a sin as the slave trade. Are you of that opinion?

A. There seems to me just the same difference as there is between the thief and the man who pays him for stealing. What would you say of a man who buys a horse, knowing it to be stolen? The following circumstance, which took place a short time before our Revolution, furnishes a good commentary on this matter. A Philadelphia negro was accused of having stolen goods in his possession. He acknowledged the fact, saying, "Massa Justice, me know me got dem tings from Tom dere, and tink Tom teal dem too; but what den, Massa? dey be only a piccaninny knife, and a piccaninny corkscrew; one cost sixpence, and tudder a shilling; an me *pay Tom honestly for dem*, Massa." "Pretty story, truly!" said his worship; "you knew they were stolen, and yet allege for excuse, you honestly paid for them. Don't you know Pompey, that the receiver is as bad as the thief? You must be severely whipped, you black rascal." "Very well, Massa, if de black rascal be whipt for buying tolen goods, me hope de white rascal be whipt too, for same ting, when you catch him." "To be sure," replied the Justice. "Well den," says Pompey, "here be Tom's Massa—hold him fast, constable! He buy Tom, as I buy de piccaninny knife, and de piccaninny corkscrew. He know very well Tom be tolen from his old fadder and mudder; de knife and de corkscrew had neder."

I do not see how we can escape from the conclusion that the slave-owner is an accomplice of the slave-trader. So long as a profitable market is kept open, the article will be supplied, despite of difficulties and dangers. The only way to stop the trade, is to shut up the market; and this can be done only by the entire abolition of the system of slavery. When nobody will buy a man, nobody will be tempted to steal a man. Slavery never exists without having more or less of the slave-trade involved *in* it. There is in the very heart of our land a slave-trade constantly carried on, and sanctioned by our laws, which is as disgraceful and cruel as the foreign slave-trade. The new slave States at the extreme South have not slaves enough, and the climate, together with the hard labor of the sugar plantations, kills them very fast. The old slave States have a surplus of slaves, which they send off to supply these markets. About ten thousand are annually exported from Virginia alone. Niles, in his Register, vol. 35, page 4, says: "Dealing in slaves has become a *large* business. Establishments are made at several places in Maryland and Virginia, at which they are sold like cattle. These places are strongly built, and well supplied with *thumb-screws, gags, cowskins and other whips, often bloody.*" In these sales no regard is paid to domestic ties. The newly married wife is torn shrieking from her husband, and the mother with her little ones are sold in "*separate* lots to suit purchasers." A gentleman in Charleston, S. C., writes to his friend in New-York: "Curiosity sometimes leads me to the auction sales of the negroes. There I saw the father looking with sullen contempt on the crowd, and expressing an indignation in his countenance that he dare not speak; and the mother pressing her infant closer to her bosom, exclaiming in wild and simple earnestness, "I can't leff my children! I won't leff my children!" But the hammer went on, reckless whether it united or sundered for ever. On another stand I saw a man apparently as white as myself exposed for sale."

Q. I have heard some people say that the negroes do not care so much about such a separations as we should suppose.

A. There is no doubt that their degraded situation tends to blunt the feelings, as well as to stultify the intellect; and it is a fearful thing to think what Christians have to answer for, who thus brutalize immortal souls. But there are numerous instances to prove that the poor creatures do often suffer the most agonizing sensations when torn from those they love. Near Palmyra, in Marion county, Missouri, two boys were sold to a slave-trader, who did not intend to leave the place until morning. During the night, the mother was kept chained in an out-house, that she might not make any effort to prevent the departure of her children. She managed to get loose from her fetters, seized an axe, cut off the heads of her sleeping boys, and then ended her own life by the same instrument.

The Missouri Intelligencer, a few months ago, gave an account of a slave named Michael, who was sold by his master to Mr. J. E. Fenton, by whom he was to be immediately shipped for the Southern market. At the mouth of the Ohio, he filed off his irons, and contrived to escape. He immediately returned to the place where his wife resided, and having armed himself, declared he never would be sent to the South, unless his wife was allowed to accompany him. He was finally taken by stratagem, and lodged in jail for safe keeping. Finding that his oppressors were determined to separate him from his beloved wife, he committed suicide. I believe the attachments of slaves are even stronger than ours; for these ties constitute the only pleasure they are allowed to have. Hundreds of instances might be told, were they have preferred death to separation.

Communications.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. XXXI.

Captain James Brown, who resided in Penn street, Philadelphia, had a colored boy bound to him as an apprentice. Brown was in the habit of staying out late at night, seldom returning to his family before twelve or one o'clock. The boy was obliged to sit up and let his master in. Being often fatigued with the labor of the day, he would frequently fall asleep; so that when his master came home, he would knock at the door several times before he could rouse the boy from his slumbers. On these occasions, the poor lad was certain of getting a severe beating with the captain's cane. His common treatment in the family was also very severe; so much so, as to attract the attention of the neighbors; several of whom frequently called upon me, and solicited my attention to the case. I made several attempts to see the captain, but could never find him at home.

After the course of conduct here described had been continued several months, a circumstance occurred, in the summer of 1799, that led to a legal investigation of the conduct of Captain Brown. Returning home one night very late, and knocking, as usual, several times before he could wake the boy, he became exceedingly enraged, and as soon as the door was opened, he seized the poor lad and bit off his ear. The boy screamed so as to wake several of the neighbors; and in the morning two women brought him to me. He was very much depressed and terrified, lest his master should punish him for leaving his home. I left the boy at my house, and went to the dwelling of Captain Brown, with the intention of endeavoring to prevail upon him to cancel the indenture amicably; as I knew a prosecution would involve him in considerable expense, in which case, not only he must suffer, but his family also; and I was informed that his wife was greatly afflicted already, in consequence of his conduct, and often remonstrated with him on account of his cruelty to the boy; but he was always denied, so that I could not get to see him. Failing in my efforts to obtain a personal interview, I addressed a note to him, asking for an opportunity to have a conversation with him in relation to a complaint that had been made to me, of his ill treatment of his boy; but he took no further notice of it, than to inform me, by a few lines, that, if his servant did not return home immediately, he would prosecute me for harboring him.

Upon the receipt of this note, I took the boy to Ebenezer Ferguson, a justice of the peace, in Southwark.—The poor fellow gave a melancholy account of his sufferings, which moved with pity and compassion all who heard it. He pleaded with the magistrate, and with me, to let him return home, alledging that, if he did not, his master would almost kill him; and it was with difficulty that he could be brought to believe that he should never again be placed in his power, or under his control.

The magistrate issued his warrant to arrest Captain Brown, and gave it to an officer, with orders to take him and bring him forthwith before him. I waited at the office until the constable returned, who said he could not find him. After several ineffectual attempts to arrest him, I called upon Thomas Harrison, whose mind was ever alive to the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, and whose soul was dipped into sympathy for the oppressed; not that idle sympathy that can be satisfied with lamenting their condition, and use no exertions for their relief; but a sympathy like the apostle's faith, manifesting itself by works, and extending its influence to all within its reach. I shall always reverence the memory of this friend,—he was my precursor as the friend of the slave, and was my coadjutor in scores of cases for their relief. Thomas Harrison and Mordecai Churchman accompanying me, we called upon the officer who had the warrant to take Captain Brown. Before sunrise we proceeded to the neighborhood where he lived, and waited, perhaps half an hour, when we saw a woman come out of the house for a bucket of water. As soon as she had got a few yards from the door, we entered, and waited till she returned. We then inquired for Captain Brown, and were told he was not up. Upon being informed of the room in which he lodged, I proceeded to it; and, after some time, he was induced to surrender himself to the officer, and was taken to the magistrate's, where he gave security to appear at Court, to answer the complaint of his boy; who was placed under my care till the captain should have his trial.

When the trial came on, a scene of cruelty was opened that was shocking to the feelings of all who heard it. A neighboring woman testified, that one evening she heard the boy scream as though he was in great agony, and upon going in, she saw a pair of snuffers sticking in his head, which required considerable force to pull out.—There were numerous witnesses who testified to the cruelty with which he had been treated. On one occasion, the captain seized him by the hair on the back of his head, and held his face to the fire until his eyebrows were singed and his face burnt to a blister. The captain was convicted. The Court ordered the indenture cancelled, and fined him sixty dollars, ordered him to pay the costs, and stand committed till the sentence be complied with. He paid the money, and was discharged. The boy was afterwards bound to John Harrison, until he should be twenty-one years old. He proved an orderly, good boy, and conducted to the satisfaction of his master,

THE WELCOME HOME!

BOSTON, August 3d, 1841.

DEAR FRIEND:

I will attempt some account of this interesting meeting, more to show my great desire to meet your wishes, than from any expectation of doing justice to the occasion. The meeting, as you are aware, was to welcome home WENDELL PHILLIPS and his wife, who have been absent two years, to try change of climate for her impaired health; H. G. CHAPMAN and wife, who have recently returned from a winter's residence in Hayti, for Mr. C.'s health; and J. A. COLLINS, just arrived here from Great Britain, where he has had a conflict with new organization, headed by false accusations from Torrey and Colver, that would have broken the spirit and destroyed the nerves of any but a real Christian abolitionist, as I believe Mr. Collins to be. Such are fireproof, arrow-proof, tempest-proof; for their quarrel is just.

The house was well filled with old organized abolitionists. FRANCIS JACKSON, chairman, explained to the audience the object of the meeting, and called on Mr. Garrison to welcome home our returned friends.

Mr. Garrison expressed his inability to do justice to his feelings on this occasion; his heart was so full, to see again those whose constancy was equal to any trial—who, among the faithless, were faithful found. The return of these friends would be grateful to every member of the old organized anti-slavery society; would make the enemies of truth and justice tremble; no names were held in higher estimation than theirs, by the good and the devoted, on both sides of the Atlantic. He then specially addressed Wendell Phillips; noticed the present critical crisis; took a view of events in the anti-slavery cause, during the two years of his absence. He said, the true friends of the slave had never been more severely tried. He alluded to the clerical opposition in array against any effort to break the yoke from the slave; but spoke confidently that, notwithstanding the great number of seceders, we were yet strong. The seceders themselves looked to them as a forlorn hope; the slaveholders dread nothing more than old organization. "Our friend, Wendell Phillips, has returned," he said, "devoted to the cause, and ready to co-operate with us, heart, mind, and strength. Many inducements offer at this time, to draw him away from this field of battle; among others, political life, where he might be the foremost.—There he would be honored and advanced; but Mr. Phillips knew how to choose; here he will have an exaltation not to be repented of. Let us call to mind the World's Convention, where Mr. Phillips had little support, even from abolitionists; yet he faltered not, but was found adequate in one hour to accomplish the work of years."

He regretted that the object of Mr. Phillips's leaving here had not been attained; namely—the restoration of Mrs. Phillips's health.

Mr. Garrison then welcomed, with heartfelt sincerity, H. G. and M. W. Chapman; regretted the recent return of Mr. Chapman's malady; and expressed warm prayers for his recovery. Of M. W. Chapman, he would say, slavery dreaded no spirit more than hers; none could quicker discover the insidious designs of the enemy, and none could more fearlessly or ably combat them. She has taught Right and Wrong to our country, through time and through eternity.

To Mr. Collins, Mr. Garrison gave a cordial welcome. He said he had been followed and tracked by bloodhounds from this country. He trusted his mission would have been successful, under God, to pulling down the strongholds of the enemy.

When Wendell Phillips rose to speak, he was received with cordial applause. He would say to his partial friends, what Windham said to Johnson: "I treasure these words, not that I *do* deserve them, but that I *may* deserve them." He enlarged on clerical domination, and thought it a duty to combat it, as well as political usurpation. He gave Mr. Collins great praise for his conduct during his mission to Great Britain. In no one instance had he deviated from the course he himself should have pursued, had he been in Mr. Collins's place. He feelingly pointed out the painful embarrassments that met him, a stranger, in a strange land, slandered from this side of the Atlantic.

Of Charles Lenox Remond, he would say his heart bled with pity, when he thought of his treatment from his own countrymen, on the passage to Europe. From Englishmen he received great sympathy. He praised his labors in the anti-slavery cause, and expressed his surprise at his ability, and the honorable station he had attained by his worth and talent. He then spoke of the great East India movement, and alluded to the large class in society, uninfluenced by moral duty, unless they read it in their ledgers. He spoke of the colossal Church, North and South, opposed to emancipation; many, in, as well as out of the Church, must be reached through interest. Look at the history of our country.—Slavery began to be unpopular, and the fetters would have been broken, but for the cotton seed scattered through Virginia and North and South Carolina. It had been prophesied that the abolition of the slave trade would finish slavery, but new slave States being introduced into the Union, the breeding of slaves became a new and lucrative business; thus proving that emancipation was not talked of as a *moral* question.

Mr. Phillips spoke confidently of the East India resources as being unlimited; and that they could drive every competitor from the market. "Take one instance," he said; "thirty years ago, Carolina indigo supplied the world. East India indigo now furnishes even our own market; and has driven us from the cultivation of it. So it will be, before many years, with our great staples, sugar and cotton. With a hundred millions of laborers, and land for nothing, who can compete with them?" He spoke of the noble spirits, who have devoted themselves to East India liberty and improvement; who would never abandon the effort, until the sunny shores of Ganges should be blessed with a free and industrious peasantry.

I can give you but a very faint idea of Mr. Phillips's admirable address. Admirable for its high tone of principle, and for its full and correct knowledge of history and men. He reviewed, in detail, circumstances conflicting and sorrowful; that would have made the best, the truest, and the strongest, sick at heart, but for their trust in God. He insisted, that if an obstacle was in the way of a great reform, it was in vain to delay, or elude, the conflict. He instanced the case of anti-slavery in England. It was deemed that slavery would fall with the slave *trade*. Granville Sharpe saw that this would not reach the difficulty, and proposed to inculcate the sin of *slavery*. This action was rejected, and little progress was made in the cause for 30 years; when a woman* saw and publicly acknowledged the principle of immediate and universal emancipation; then that great anti-slavery truth flew through the land, shooting arrows into every heart.

Twenty years ago, James Cropper proposed to George Thompson to bring up the India question to the balance. Had his advice been followed, slavery would not now be in our country. James Cropper was not then heeded.—He is gone; but his written documents are now appealed to as oracles, that make the knees of southern slaveholders tremble. We see thus, by experience, that the conflict may be delayed, but never with advantage. If a corrupt church, and a time-serving clergy, are to be reformed, before liberty will sojourn with us, let us make up our minds to our duty, nor yield any thing on the ground of expediency. Anti-slavery principles, once imbibed, we must, individually, follow the dictates of conscience; recollecting that the eye of Omnipotence pierces to the depths of hearts. Conscience alone is to dictate what is our mission. This leads us to pledge ourselves to a certain result, not terrified although the car of liberty should seem to be rolled back by our efforts.

Mr. Phillips then urged the necessity of slaveholders, and defenders of slavery, being excluded from our pulpits. He gave unqualified praise to some pure, active, and shining spirits, that he had the happiness of associating with, while abroad. He then, with thrilling eloquence, devoted himself to the cause. He did not wish it to be deemed a sacrifice; how much greater would be the sacrifice, to smother the best feelings of his heart.—"Whatever my future career may be," said he, "I shall ever own that season of my life the sweetest and the best, passed in associated effort in behalf of the slave."

Mrs. Chapman, when called on to address the meeting, begged to be excused, on account of her anxiety for her husband; but hoped some future day to express to them what was in her heart to say.

Mr. Collins was then called forward. His looks confirmed his assertion, that he was too unwell to do himself justice. He did not attempt to make a speech; but his statements were of thrilling interest. As it is his intention, soon, to give them to the public, I will not attempt to sketch his story, of the wrongs he has suffered, both from individuals and great masses of men; from secret foes and from public enemies; from his own countrymen, and from foreigners. I will not describe the noble Chartists, with whom he became familiar; nor tell of the private sufferings he witnessed. He has two marks of honesty, in which I have seldom been deceived—frankness and courage. His friends should sustain him through the ordeal he is to pass.

In the evening, a *soiree* was held by the colored people in honor of *David Ruggles*. Old organized abolitionists were there in crowds; such as Wm. L. Garrison and his wife, Francis Jackson, Wendell Phillips, Mr. S. J. May, Mr. Bradburn, Mr. Southwick, and his wife and daughters, &c. The refreshments were selected and arranged by temperance, hospitatality, and taste, and ornamented by natural flowers. *Living* spirits were there. The speaking, I hear, was admirable. Mr. May, cleared himself, in his own admirable way, of the cruel charge made against him of being new organized. He assured Mr. Garrison that, should that ever be the case, he would give him the first information. Yours, truly,

H. S.

* Elizabeth Heyrick.

THE GAG RULE.

In the Standard of July 22d, is a letter from the Hon. Seth M. Gates, written with a view to palliate the action of the present Congress, in adopting the new Gag rule. By this new gag the old one is superseded, and a large class of abolition petitions, in favor of the alteration of the Constitution, &c. is shut out, which was not done by the rule of last session.

Two statements are made by Mr. Gates, so erroneous, that I can hardly imagine how they could have been made by a mind unblinded by the desire to detend a political party.

The first of these misstatements is, that the new gag rule excludes all petitions "on all subjects not particularly referred to in the President's message." So far from doing this, the rule expressly provides that petitions may be presented in favor of a bankrupt law, which was not referred to in the message at all; and which was the only subject, except abolition, not referred to in the message, on which any one expected any considerable number of petitions. Thus the rule was evidently framed to exclude abolition petitions, without the magnanimity of saying so.

The second misstatement is, that "this was a rule similar to those usually adopted at extra sessions." This is so far from being the fact, that no rule of the kind was ever before adopted, at any extra session. Mr. Slade made a statement, in debate, that the rule of the extra session of '37 excluded petitions; but he afterwards, in Congress, acknowledged his mistake, and retracted it.—How is it, that Mr. Gates, eighteen days afterwards, makes a statement calculated to convey the impression which Mr. Slade had admitted to be erroneous?

Thus it appears that the first rule ever adopted in the Congress of the United States, for excluding petitions in favor of objects confessed on all hands to be constitutional, was carried by the votes of those, who, to use their own expression, had "made much political capital" by advocating the sacredness of the right of petition.—And the first rule ever adopted for shutting out *every class* of abolition petitions, and admitting petitions on every other subject of *present* public interest and excitement, was carried, if I am rightly informed, by the vote of every member elected as an avowed abolitionist.*

Most truly does Mr. Gates say, that this new rule superseded the 21st, because it left nothing for the 21st rule to act upon; and most truly does he say that it "intentionally" superseded it. Its object was the same—the exclusion of abolition petitions. Its motive was similar,—the preservation of harmony between the different sections of the party in power. The difference was, that the last rule was the most sweeping, and was adopted by those who owed their seats to abolitionists; which was not the case with the former one.

Mr. Gates says, the compromise was "favorable to the North." If he means that it was favorable to the right of petition, I dissent from his opinion; for it amounted to a concession, made by all those Whig members who had, heretofore, advocated the right of petition, except J. Q. Adams, that Congress have the power to suppress that right, whenever, in their opinion, the public good requires it. The cause of the right of petition has, therefore, not only been defeated this session, but it has lost a tower of strength, in losing the consistency of most of its former advocates. Southern men will deride any professions of constitutional scruples, which these people may hereafter make.

Does Mr. Gates mean, by the "North," the friends of abolition at the North? If so, he is still wrong in saying they have gained. Numbers of petitions for the alteration of the Constitution, and other anti-slavery objects, which they had prepared, and contemplated preparing, have been shut out by the new rule; though they would have been admitted this session had the 21st rule only been adopted. And, for the first time, a precedent has been established of a *right* to shut them out—a precedent which, I trust, the people will hereafter reverse.

Mr. Gates states that the northern whig members would not be provoked into a debate on this question. They used to complain of the want of opportunity to speak against violations of the Constitution; but now, that they have a chance to debate, they resolve to let all the argument be on the other side; and it ends, as was to be expected, in the other side's gaining the victory; through the capitulation of our whilom champions, upon the very honorable terms, that they should not now pledge themselves, for more than one session, to violate their own construction of that Constitution they had sworn to support.

E.

* I have not been able to obtain the ayes and noes; but I infer this from the statement published.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1841.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

In another column of the paper, it is announced that *Isaac T. Hopper and James S. Gibbons have been formally disowned by the Society of Friends in this city*; and that the next Monthly Meeting will probably make a similar decision with regard to Charles Marriott.

Under the head, "Society of Friends, No. 4," will be found a brief statement of the rise and progress of this affair, which has been carefully prepared, and is believed to be perfectly correct. Those who think otherwise, or who feel called upon to give any explanation of this singular proceeding, are respectfully invited to make what statements they choose through the medium of this paper. There is no wish to give one-sided evidence; and we dwell upon the subject with no feelings of resentment, or unkindness, but simply for the information of Friends in various parts of the country, who have been anxiously watching the progress of events. During the Yearly Meeting, and since, Friends from abroad have manifested a deep and affectionate interest in the accused, highly honorable to their religious character, and kindly feelings. Moreover, a considerable number of the Society have subscribed for our paper, since complaints were lodged against members so extensively known, and so highly respected; and this is an additional reason why it is peculiarly incumbent upon us to keep them well informed.

The decision has been long expected; and doubtless would have been earlier made, but for the intermediation of members of the Society from various parts of the country, who were anxious to compromise a difficulty, which they feared might produce wide-spread disunity.—Many, who hold opinions adverse to those of the arraigned parties, deemed the action of the Monthly Meeting hasty and unwarranted; and by not a few it was openly repudiated, as an assumption of power not authorized by the discipline of the Society. Perhaps, too, the meeting cherished hopes that some apology on the part of the alleged culprits would enable them to recede from their embarrassing position, without the appearance of retreat.

The labor of committees and individuals has been unwearied. The answer given them was, "We have done nothing but what we deemed it our duty to do; and we cannot compromise our principles, by acknowledging it an error to obey our own consciences."

Then they were asked if they would not sign a paper, expressing regret for the publication of a few articles in the Standard, written by others. To this they were disinclined: First, because they believed nothing substantially untrue had been there published; and secondly, because there seemed to be meanness, if not utter selfishness, in thus publicly seeking to exculpate themselves, at the expense of individuals not amenable to the Society, and whose general character and motives they respected.

At last they were urged to make the slightest possible concession—in a form which would not in the least compromise their principles—in *any* form they chose. They replied, "We object to such a course, because it would be a sham, and not a reality; it would *appear* to have some significance, when it really *had* none. If our principles and practices are right, it is dishonest to resort to any thing like evasion, in our efforts to sustain them. If they are wrong, we *ought* to apologise; and should be most willing to do so."

That Charles Marriott will continue faithful to his own convictions, no one who knows that conscientious man can for a moment doubt; and, of course, consistency will require that he should likewise be disowned.

Lucretia Mott, one of the most irreproachable of women, and the most gifted of ministers among the Society of Friends, is likewise a member of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society; and is, therefore, as responsible for articles published in its organ, as are these disowned New-York Friends. No persuasion could induce her to resign her office; deeming it the post of duty, she considers it the post of honor.—Yet no complaint has been lodged against her, and she seems to be in full unity with her Monthly meeting.—This has the appearance of one meeting arrayed against another.

Doubtless some New-York Friends would highly approve of the Philadelphia meeting, if it followed in their footsteps. But if the Society go on, to any considerable extent, disowning such members, they will remind one of paupers disowning their selectmen. Excommunication for *such* causes, will take away their best, purest, and tenderest spirits; and upon their walls will stand written, "Ichabod! Ichabod!"

There is Isaac T. Hopper, whose life has been one long chapter of benevolence, an unblotted record of fair integrity. A man so exclusive in his religious attachments, that the principles of his Society are to his mind identical with Christianity, and its minutest forms sacred from innovation. A man whose name is first mentioned, wherever Quakerism is praised, or benevolence to the slave approved.

There is Charles Marriott, likewise widely known, and of high standing in the Society; mild as a lamb, and tender-hearted as a child; one to whom conflict with others is peculiarly painful, but who, nevertheless, when principles are at stake, can say with the bold-hearted Luther, "God help me! I cannot otherwise."

There is James S. Gibbons, a young man, and therefore less known; but wherever known, prized for his extreme kindness of heart, his stedfast honesty of purpose, his undisguised sincerity, and his unflinching adherance to his own convictions of duty.

Truly that Society must be rich in spiritual worth, which can afford to throw away three such members!—And what is the crime charged against them? Simply being members of the Anti-Slavery Committee, appointed by a Society, that sustains a paper, that publishes animadversions on the pro-slavery found among the Society of Friends, in common with other religious bodies!

Shades of Anthony Benezet, and John Woolman, and Benjamin Lay, and Elias Hicks, blush, blush for your descendants!

In order to form a correct judgment

went uninvited, and quite accidentally, to hear some of this extraordinary preaching; and he published an account of it, which I have never heard charged with being untrue. If ministers utter such sentiments, and Societies endorse them by approval, can they expect the world to remain ignorant of the fact? It might have been so in the middle ages; but not now. The Friends, in common with other religious communities, must make up their minds what sentiments they will choose to be responsible for in the eyes of the world.

The only *Friend*, who published an article on the subject, was James S. Gibbons; but that does not bear on the main question, because it was not written till *after* the complaint had been entered. It was an article marked by candor and truth. Some deemed the word "ferocious" too ungentle to characterize the spirit of George F. White's preaching. Those who have listened to his very remarkable style of epithets, and to the manner in which they are sometimes uttered, may settle this point for themselves.

Three members of the Committee, who have dealt with the disowned Friends, maintain a firm belief that each and every one of these epithets was directly inspired by the Holy Spirit; though not exactly ready to declare that his statements were all *true*. Will Friends *read* some of these epithets? and then say whether the inspiration of their ministers is not likely to be brought into contempt, especially with the young, by such a claim? Not in mockery, but with serious and respectful earnestness, I ask this question.

The Greeks doubted whether their Oracles were inspired by the God of Poetry, when they came to utter themselves in excessively bad rhyme; and certainly some portions of George F. White's preaching give as little indication of being inspired by Him, whose attributes are truth, gentleness, and love.

How is it that Friends, once so noted for active opposition to slavery, are now found either sleeping at their post, or else openly arrayed against abolitionists? If they dread contact with other sects, why are they not working for the slave in their *own* way?

Nay, if fear of admixture with the world be their sincere reason for avoiding anti-slavery, why is their timidity confined to a few *benevolent* projects? Have Banking Companies, and Rail-Road Corporations, and Commercial Partnerships, and Southern Trade, and a long *et cetera* of similar things, been dipped in vinegar and smoked at some spiritual quarantine, so that there is no danger of infection from *them*?

I would not for worlds wrong the Society of Friends by unjust imputations; but when I ask myself how it is that *they*, whose early testimonies I have learned to reverence so sincerely, are now found either listless, or arrayed against human freedom, in the hour of its most trying conflict, I cannot forget that a large portion of its members in this city are actively engaged in Southern trade—involved in it to the amount of millions! And remembering this, I cannot refrain from asking, "Is then the inward ear, which *should* hear the still small voice, stuffed with *cotton*?"

If it be so, it is indeed remarkable in the disciples of Elas Hicks, who, even in his *dying moments*, cast from him with utter abhorrence a quilt made of slave cotton; that very article by which modern Friends amass large fortunes, without apparent uneasiness of mind.

When James Mott, of Philadelphia, began to reflect seriously on his duty in connection with slavery, the first conviction of his conscience was that he ought to discontinue his trade with the South; and he did it, at a heavy pecuniary loss. The same thing was true of Henry G. Chapman, of Boston; though not educated in a sect peculiar for inculcating tenderness of conscience, like the Friends.

The Quarterly meeting, and perhaps the Yearly meeting, will probably hereafter be called upon to share the responsibility of this decision. Whether they will reverse or confirm it, time will show.

In the mean time, the Society in this city stands before the public very much in the unenviable position of John Pierpont's accusers.—L. M. C.

THE MORMONS.

A great excitement prevails in the West with regard to these people, and is extensively echoed by the press among us. An Anti-Mormon Almanac for 1842 has been published at 126 Fulton-street, New York; and proposals are issued for publishing a book called "Mormonism Exposed."

The leaders are not only charged with having committed robbery and assassination, but with having a serious design to subvert this government, and conquer the people of the United States by fire and sword. In February, 1841, Congress ordered to be printed "a Document (No. 189) showing the testimony given before the Judge of the Fifth Judicial Circuit of the State of Missouri, on the trial of Joseph Smith, jr., and others, for high treason, and other crimes against that State." This document certainly indicates that the Mormon converts have not been very shy of accusing their leaders, and each other, of dishonesty and crime. But if charges of a serious nature could be sustained against them by sufficient proof, how is it that the leaders are still at large?

We see by the papers that their leader, Joe Smith, was arrested early in this summer, at Quincy, Illinois, under a requisition from the Governor of Missouri. The case was argued in Adams county, before Judge Douglas, who, after a patient hearing, decided that Smith should be released.

The newspapers say that the decision was based chiefly on the insufficiency of the writ. This may be true; but when we reflect on the furious prejudice against these people in Missouri—how their property has been destroyed, and themselves driven out of the State by bloody mobs—we can hardly imagine that any real crimes committed by them would long go unpunished, for want of sufficiency either in evidence or writs.

It is well known to most who are familiar with the name of this sect, that their leader, J. Smith, professed to have found a new Bible, written on gold plates; and he and his first associates were called, in derision, "The Gold Bible Company."

This Book of the Mormons was said to have been found in 1827, in Ontario County, N. Y.; and was translated and published in 1830. It purports to contain the history of the ancient inhabitants of America, who were a branch of the house of Israel, of the tribe of Joseph; of whom the Indians are still a remnant. The principal nation of them, having fallen in battle, in the 4th or 5th century, one of their prophets, whose name was Mormon, saw fit to make an abridgement of their history, prophecies, and doctrine, which he engraved on plates. He being slain, the Record fell into the hands of his son Maroni, who, being hunted by enemies, was directed to deposit the record safely in the earth, with a promise from God that it should be preserved, and should again be brought to light in the latter days, by means of a gentile nation, who should possess the land. The deposit is stated to have been made about the year 420, on a hill then called Cumora, now in Ontario County, where it was preserved in safety until it was brought to light by the ministry of angels, and translated by inspiration.

The spelling, and use of language in the Mormon Bible certainly bear no marks of inspiration. We find such sentences as the following, for instance:—"The Scriptures are before you; if ye will *arrest* them, it shall be to your own destruction." "The walls were *wrent* in twain." "The *enormity* of our numbers." "And he was in a *cloud*." "Because of the *numerority* of their forces," &c.

After Smith got possession of the hidden plates, an evil spirit is said to have fought with him to obtain them. The prophet came near losing them, but caught them again as they fell; as he turned to run, the Evil One gave him a tremendous kick.

According to the published testimony of his father-in-law, and of many of his neighbors in Palmyra, N. Y., Smith bore no very good character, and had been noted for visionary projects, long before the professed discovery of the Mormon Bible. He had two stones, which he used to put in his hat, by means of which he professed to tell fortunes. While the Golden Plates were yet hidden in the woods, he used to read and interpret them, by means of these magic stones. Certain italic letters, in an unknown tongue, he declared he copied from them, and sent Dr. to Mitchell, and Professor Anthon, of New York, to decipher. He was a famous money-digger, and large excavations may still be seen in the neighborhood of his former residence. In the prosecution of this business, he was wont to put the stones in his hat, and keep his hat over his face.

With the Golden Bible was said to be deposited a *Sword*. This the enemies of the sect consider a very significant sign. When Smith was tried for high treason in 1838, various witnesses deposed that they had often heard him declare "he would become a second Mahomet."

Among his early disciples, Martin Harris was the only one of considerable property. He bore the character of an honest, industrious, but rather ignorant man; very changeable in his religious views. He owned a beautiful farm in Palmyra, which he mortgaged in order to publish the sacred plates; the discovery of which was early disclosed to him. Smith read to him, as divine commands, such sentences as the following: "He that sendeth up treasures unto the land of Zion shall receive an inheritance in this world, and also a reward in the world to come;" (a motive to benevolence, which, unfortunately for the purity of the Christian church, is not unfrequently urged by various denominations.) "I command that thou shalt not *covet thine own property*, but impart it freely to the printing of the Book of the Mormons, which contains the truths of the Word of God."

The simple-minded Harris received all Smith's communications as law and gospel; and gave up the whole of his property, with full faith that he should receive a tenfold recompense in the form of worldly goods. He followed his leader to the West; was with him in Liberty, Missouri, when the Mormons were so cruelly treated, and so shamefully routed from that state by murderous mobs; and he removed with him to their present settlement in Illinois. A few months since, he began lecturing against them; stating that he had been grossly deceived. Soon after, the Western papers announced that his lifeless body, shot through the head, had been found in the woods of Illinois; and this was made the occasion of fresh excitement against the Mormons. But later papers show that Martin Harris is alive and well, at his residence in Kirtland, Ohio.

The Mormon delusion seems to have spread faster than would seem possible for so bold an imposition. They are very diligent in proselyting. Societies are scattered in various parts of the country, and their numbers are now and then increased by emigration from Great Britain, whither they have sent their missionaries. These proselytes are, of course, not among the most enlightened classes. The excess of their faith may be judged from the fact that the Scotch emigrants fully believed one of their preachers, when he stated that "had but one Mormonite been on board the Governor Fenner, when it was struck by the steamer Liverpool, it would not have gone down." The very natural increase of the sect by limited emigration of the ignorant and credulous from other countries, has been construed by some into a deep-laid plot to overthrow the American government by foreign co-operation.

The odium against them has been considerably increased, by their taking possession of a beautiful tract of land opposite their settlement, on the Mississippi river. This tract, said to consist of 120,000 acres had been purchased from the Sac and Fox nations, and proceedings had in the Equity Court of Iowa to partition it among the claimants. The title being unsettled, Joe Smith is said to have had a revelation that his people were to "go in and possess the land and enjoy the fruits thereof."—About 2000 have settled on it, under this heaven-derived title, and surveyors and commissioners are kept off, by threats of armed resistance.*

Their central gathering-place is now in Illinois. A gentleman of Lewiston, in that State, thus writes to the editor of the New-York Tribune:

"The papers are beginning to speak of the Mormons, and with the same carelessness which they manifest usually, are publishing stories utterly untrue about them.—Their chief city, Nauvoo, is about 75 miles from here, and I am personally acquainted with many of their sect; among them Joe Smith and brother, S. Rigdon, Bennet, and others of their leaders. They have laid out a beautiful city on the banks of the Mississippi, which is increasing rapidly in numbers and wealth, and already contains upwards of 5,000 inhabitants. The town, or rather 'city'—for it was incorporated by the Legislature last winter and has a Mayor and Aldermen, and City Courts—is regularly laid out in acre lots; each lot is built upon as soon as sold, and the ground enclosed with a neat paling fence, and beautifully cultivated. It presents as neat and striking an appearance as I ever beheld; as yet the houses are quite indifferent, some of logs, of brick, of wood, of plank, but all exhibiting a degree of neatness and care which pleases the eye. They are also now erecting a 'Temple' of large dimensions and an immense building for a Tavern, which will cost $150,000. They are remarkably industrious and in general orderly and quiet. They propose to cultivate twelve miles square, of an extensive prairie adjoining them, which I have no doubt will be done in a masterly manner. The other citizens of the County (Hancock) are determined to quarrel with them, and they seize upon every little circumstance, magnify and add to it, and circulate it to the injury of the Mormons. The Mormons, too, are often indiscreet, and I have no doubt there *will be* some difficulty, but not at present. They have nominated a Ticket for county officers this year without the name of a single Mormon on it; the other citizens have got up an Anti-Mormon Ticket in opposition. There are several other Mormon towns in Hancock County, and one or two in Adams County,—generally they present a neat and thriving aspect, but the spirit which is manifested towards them—fostered, doubtless, by their own imprudence, and in some instances by a desire to be persecuted—will, I fear, lead to bad consequences. They have several companies of citizen soldiers, organized and armed under the authority of and by the State, which are called the 'Nauvoo Legion,' and exercised about twice a week. This makes a great noise, and gives occasion for many hard words and bitter epithets."

It is reported that some of the most respectable citizens of Illinois have lately joined the Mormons; including Mr. Carlin, Governor of the State.

The favorable reception they met with there is probably, in a great measure, owing to the sympathy excited by the persecutions they suffered in Missouri; moreover, they are sufficiently numerous to be of some importance to political leaders. The Legislature of Illinois last winter passed an act to incorporate the "Nauvoo Legion," a band of six hundred armed Mormons, independent of the military organization of the State. This was doubtless intended by the Legislature as a protection against mobs, from which they had already suffered so severely, and to which the excited state of the Missourians rendered them continually liable.

At the laying of the corner stone of the Morman Temple in Nauvoo, this Legion came out in grand style—flying artillery, lancers, riflemen, dragoons, and cavalry; commanded by the Quarter Master General of Illinois, a new convert. The famous Joe Smith, appeared in an elegant military costume, riding a fine horse, surrounded by staff and body guards, dressed in white, mounted, and armed with rifles, pistols, and knives. The number of spectators was from 5000 to 8000. Truly, this is a tolerably good American imitation of Mahomet!

The existence of this Legion of course increases popular dislike and jealousy. Some of the Western papers call upon people not to wait till they are trodden under foot by religious despotism, before they begin to make resistance; and the Anti-Mormon Almanac seems to consider the conquest of America as a fundamental doctrine of the sect.

The probability is, that the ignorant and credulous disciples of Smith scarcely understand themselves what is intended to be conveyed by "coming into the land of Zion, and taking possession thereof." That they trust in physical force is evident from their military arrangements; and one of the maxims in their Book of Doctrine is, "Thine enemy is in thine hand, and if thou reward him according to his works, thou art justified; if he has sought thy life, and thy life is endangered by him, thine enemy is in thy hand, and thou art justified." But in these particulars, they do not seem to me very different from pious clergymen, whom I have heard zealously sustaining war on the authority of the Scriptures. They evidently have among them elements of fanaticism, which in supposable emergencies may prove dangerous; and these elements may be roused into fierce activity by injustice and persecution. Thus Cromwell's soldiers, maddened by insult and oppression, and believing scripture was super-naturally interpreted to their souls, for the guidance of the moment, needed nothing to sanction any particular murder, but sudden recollection of the text, "And Ahab arose and slew."

Among the various discordant elements at work in this country, it is impossible to foresee whether the Mormons will ever play a conspicuous part. The idea of any deliberate intention on their part to overthrow the government, seems ridiculous in the extreme. In the dimly seen future, they may indeed have part and portion in such an event. Assuredly the American government, by continual and reckless violation of its own principles, is preparing the way for destruction; and it may come through the weakest and most improbable agencies.—L. M. C.

* Since writing the above, I see that the Mormon papers deny having taken any land to which they have not a legal claim.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, NO. 4.

Having in our three former numbers, under this heading, laid before our readers the proceedings of "the New-York Association of Friends, for the relief of those held in Slavery, and the improvement of the Free People of Color," so far as to enable distant Friends to form their own judgment, we now turn to the case of the three individuals under disciplinary censure in the monthly meeting of New-York.

It has been shown that the organization of the association mentioned, was the result of a mournful conviction on the part of its members, that no harmonious, efficient action on behalf of the slave, could, in the then state of feeling, be hoped for in the body at large.

The influence of the association was very limited; and some of its members, unable to divest themselves of a sense of their responsibility, apprehended they saw a way opened for still greater usefulness.

Doubts had been generally felt by *Friends*, as to the practicability of *their* co-operating with the National Anti-Slavery Society, consistently with their religious views. The large amount of funds expended by that body, it was feared, might have drawn many around it, not from the purest of motives; and the division that has since taken place in their ranks, shows the correctness of those impressions.

Some, weary of using what they deemed unavailing persuasion, turned their attention to political action.—Others, could not endure that women should labor on the same platform with them; and they, with most of the clergy, withdrew from the society, and formed one more congenial with their views. This opened the way for a few of those Friends to join the old organized National Anti-Slavery Society, and act on its Executive Committee.

One of the first acts of that committee, done by direction of the parent society, was to establish a general organ of communication, called "The Anti-Slavery Standard," and appoint its editor and assistant editor; neither of whom were members of the Society of Friends.

The paper had an extensive circulation, and for some months no fault, as far as we know, was found with what appeared in its columns.

The then assistant editor, Oliver Johnson, being in the habit of attending Friends' Meeting, was occasionally at that of Rose-st. He there heard charges advanced against abolitionists and non-resistants, that he believed to be untrue; and, on two occasions, publicly replied to them. A correspondence also took place between him and G. F. White; to which we refer the reader. Oliver Johnson was then informed, rather unceremoniously, that the door-keepers of the meeting-house were instructed to keep him out. On this occasion, he wrote and inserted in the paper, under his own signature, some severe animadversions.

Presently a complaint was entered in the meeting, that Isaac T. Hopper and Jas. S. Gibbons, were engaged in the support of a paper "that was calculated to sow disunity among us." Of the three pieces alledged to be of this character, two were written by persons not in membership, and over their own proper signatures. The third, by Jas. S. Gibbons, written after the complaint was entered, he refused to retract, under an impression that he had stated nothing but salutary truths. Charles Marriott, who was absent from the city when those pieces appeared, and had no knowledge of them, was also, on his return, arraigned on the same charge, and his case carried to the meeting.

The grounds assumed were, that the Executive Committee were answerable for whatever appeared in the paper, whether they knew of it or not. In vain was it stated, that the editor, or those who affixed their signatures to the pieces, were alone responsible; that the editor did not, and never was expected to, submit what appeared in the paper to the supervision of the Executive Committee; and that their power extended no further than to remove him, and appoint another, if his course was deemed sufficiently objectionable to require it.

The meeting, however, would not be satisfied with any thing short of an acknowledgment of condemnation from these Friends, of what others had written; and we learn they have proceeded to disown *Isaac T. Hopper and James S. Gibbons*, on the charge of supporting this paper. The case of Charles Marriott is deferred another month, in all probability to terminate in like manner.—L. M. C.

Anti-Slavery Items.

SLAVE INSURRECTION IN LOUISIANA.—The accounts copied from the New Orleans papers, in our last, prove to have been very much exaggerated by the fears of a guilty community. The organization was supposed to be widely extended; and half the population of Mississipi and Louisiana were afraid to sleep in their beds. It is now ascertained that the plot was confined to the slaves upon three or four plantations, and was probably not so far matured as to have assumed form or complexion. Thirty or forty Negroes, and one white man, are under arrest. The white man, named Harney, is charged with having induced the negroes to join in the plot by representing that the British intended shortly to invade the country, and that all they had to do in order to gain a complete ascendancy over the white population, was to hold themselves in readiness to unite in the attack.

The whole affair, however, is very vague, and it seems doubtful, after all, whether there was any intention to revolt. Eighteen of the negroes are sentenced to be hung. No more arrests are spoken of in the vicinity of Bayou Sara; but they abound in New Orleans. The bayous, swamps, &c., had all been explored. Every white man was doubly armed, and no negro was allowed the freedom of passing from one plantation to another.

Among various similar contrivances to conciliate a population made dangerous by outrageous tyranny, we record the following:

A negro named Littleton has been sentenced, at New Orleans, to receive seventy-five lashes upon his bare back, and to wear an *iron collar with* THREE PRONGS around his neck, for three months, for striking a white man.

The Fire Companies of New Orleans have resolved not to allow free negroes, or any persons of color, to assist them. They give their opinion that,

"The use of the services of negroes in the discharge of these duties, is calculated, and indeed has been proven by the experience of this Company, to have a tendency to promote a feeling of inactivity among the members; and whereas, moreover, such use of the services of negroes is of a tendency to excite a spirit of insubordination among that class of our population, by removing from them that feeling of respect which it must be the especial care of the citizens of a slave state to cultivate among them, and without which the greatest dangers may be apprehended."

The New Orleans Picayune highly approves of this precaution, and says:

"The true way to preserve our power, to its fullest extent, over our colored people, both slave and free, is to keep them in their proper subordinate capacity.—Where they are placed upon an equality with the whites, in any important particular, they rapidly become so insolent as to endanger the peace of the community. Give them their true position, and keep them there."

The police of New-Orleans are very busy in arresting all colored persons who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves. A great many have been imprisoned, and forty-five driven out of the city. We hope colored sailors will take warning. They are always unsafe in the Southern cities; but peculiarly so now.

The New Orleans Commercial Bulletin says:

This is the most fit season of the year for rooting out from among us those highly suspicious individuals, the free people of color, who have come hither from the Northern States. These are the persons from whom the most danger is to be apprehended. Abolitionists by birth, feeling and education, they invariably poison the mind of the slave with whom they associate and contaminate, by degrees, our whole black population. *Assemblages of the blacks, whether bond or free, at whatever hour and for whatever purpose, should be most assiduously watched. In suspicion and distrust lies our safety.*

"ABOLITIONISTS IN JAIL."—Such is the heading of an article in a St. Louis paper. It states that three yoong men from the Mission Institute, near Quincy, Illinois, tried to persuade some of the slaves of Mr. Wm. Brown, of Palmyra, Missouri, to run away, promising them freedom, and a free passage to Canada. The negroes agreed to meet them at a concerted point in the river, where a boat was to be in readiness; but one of the slaves revealed the plot to his master, and the young men were siezed by a party lying in ambush. Their names are Geo. Thompson, A. Work, and James Burr. Theirs is a penitentiary offence in Missouri, and it is not improbable they may be imprisoned some 10 or 15 years. The following is a quotation from a letter written by them to their friends of the Mission Institute:

"We are comfortably situated, much more so than was Peter, or Paul and Silas, and the ancient christians. We can read, sing and pray. We have enough to eat and drink. We are only fastened by one leg to a chain, and have blankets to lie upon. We can look out, and see people and things, and have a plenty of company. Our food and fresh water is brought to us, three times a day. The walls of our house are four feet thick, with two inner doors, each having three rows of iron grates. But we have no desire to *get out*. 'Let them come and bring us out.' We have no desire to be set at liberty unless it can be done by law, and God will be glorified by it. If it is the will of our Father that we should lie here six weeks, we shall try and be contented cheerful and happy, and profit by it.

If then He sees it will be best for us, and for His glory, that we should go to Jefferson seven, ten or fifteen years, we will still rejoice, and trust in the Lord, feeling that He will do only that for us, which will be best for us, and His cause."

At the New-York Christian Anti-Slavery Convention, the question "Ought Christian fellowship to be withheld from slaveholders?" was answered by an unanimous vote in the affirmative. The question, "Ought the sin of slavery to be considered a test question in the churches?" was answered by an emphatic "Aye," which made the house ring; only one voice faintly answering "No."

We mentioned in our last the death of James G. Barbadoes; one of the signers of the Declaration of Sentiment adopted by the American Anti-Slavery Society, at its formation. We have since learned that two of his children likewise fell victims to the West India fever; and that his widow and remaining children are returning to this country in destitute circumstances.

Richard Allen of Dublin, in a letter to Garrison, says:—"Doctor Madden has just returned from his African journey. He has suffered much from the climate.—Doctor M. appears confident that he has put an end to slavery on the Gold Coast. He issued a proclamation to the slaves there, informing them that they were free; and they were not slow in availing themselves of their rights. He says that Jeremie did much good during his short sojourn as governor of Sierra Leone. Doctor M. is also in possession of much information respecting Liberia—which is, I believe, *far from favorable*."

PARKER PILLSBURY, who has been laboring to such good purpose in New-Hampshire, is now on a visit to Massachusetts, and will labor under the direction of the State Anti-Slavery Society, for some time. He is a sincere and faithful man; with the fear of God before his eyes, and without the fear of sects. May the truth he scatters with untiring hand bring forth fruit a thousand fold.

ANOTHER SLAVE CASE.—Rose, a colored girl, from Mobile, was brought before the Supreme Judicial Court at Boston on Saturday, on a writ of habeas corpus, having come to the city in the service of a Mr. Ticknor, from Mobile. Her friends who sued out the writ, contended that she was not old enough to judge for herself whether she would run at large or stay with Mr. Ticknor; but the judges held that no one was so capable of judging in that matter as herself. She preferred the latter and the writ was thereupon dismissed.

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

From July 6 to August 10, inclusive.

For the Standard.—Of each of the following persons, $2 00: Joseph Wood, Coopersville, Pa.; Stephen Smith, Philadelphia; H. Y. Martin, J. A. Fortune, Baltimore; George R. Russell, W. Roxbury, Mass.; Elias Richards, Weymouth, Mass.; C. P. Drew, Kingston, Mass.; Charlotte Davis, Acton, Mass.; Joseph Southwick, Boston; Elias Gilman, West Hartland, Ct.; Elizabeth Jacobs, Montgomery county, Pa.; E. Hibbard, Randolph, Vt.; Church and Lyon, Pomfret, Ct.; Mrs. W. Sturgis, Brookline, Mass.; Sophia R. Bradford, Waltham, Mass.; Jefferson Church, Springfield, Mass.; Joseph C. Buel, Walcotville, Ct.; Lukens Pierce, Esther Coates, McWilliamstown, Pa.; B. P. Rice, Worcester, Mass.; Susan Brown, Crosswicks, N. J.; Grant and Robinson, Hartford, Ct.; A. Folsom, Dover, N. H.; Joseph M. Barnard, Westchester, Pa.; Robert Moore, Charles Evans, Philadelphia; Isaac Austin, Nantucket, Mass.; S. B. Whipple, Springfield, Vt.; M. L. Brush, Burlington, Vt.; Edmund Jackson, Boston; B. Wilmouth, Leverett, Mass.; David Thomas, Aurora, N. Y.; Jonathan Townsend, Berlin, Ohio; Wm. Waterworth, Salem, Ohio; Charles Dean, Isaac Brumley, R. Farnsworth, Miriam Park, Norwich, Ct.; Alvan Ball, Laura A. Fawcett, Martha Boyden, Jos. H. Warren, Northboro, Mass.; F. S. Cabot, Salem, Mass.; Elizabeth Pease, Darlington, England; Barney Corse, Flushing, L. I.; Concord (Mass.) Female Anti-Slavery Society; Elizabeth Farnsworth, Groton; Christopher Wray, N. Y.; Henry Clapp, C. W. Prouty, E. Q. Sewall, Scituate, Mass.; Rhoda Ford, Hanover, Mass.; Abby Foster, Thomas J. Gardner, South Scituate, Mass.; Lewis Tappan, N. Y.

From each of the following, $1: Allen Hoag, Hiram C. Hoag, W. Birdsall, Macedon Centre, N. Y.; A. Stuart, Rochester, N. Y.; Wm. Tyler, Egypt, N. Y.; Alexander Wilson, N. Y.; J. W. Leeke, Russellville, Pa.; G. F. Horton, Terrytown, Pa.; Cephas Manning, Townsend, Mass.; Howard White, Scituate, Mass.; Elvira Jannet, N. Scituate, Mass.; Samuel Ellis, Norwich, Ct. Charles Sinus, Port Carbon, Pa. $3; Abby Kelly, $10 for subscribers in Upton, Mass., $8 57 for Moses Sawin, Southboro', Mass., $10 for the subscribers in Bolton, Mass., $10 for D. S. Whitney and others, Berlin, Mass., $19 for subscribers in Fitchburgh, Mass., $10 for subscribers in Ashburnham, Mass.; A. Van Eps, Vernon, N. Y., $5; Frederic Gunn, Washington, Ct., $10; Wm. Tuttle, Geneva, Ohio, $3; George Adams, Boston, 30 cts.; H. Jocelyn, Danvers, Mass., $4; C. B. Rogers, Norwich, Ct., $1 50; B. Bown, Pittsburgh, for himself and others, $30; D. Merritt, Salem, Mass., $27; D. J. Paul, Millbury, Mass., $11 50; S. J. May, South Scituate, Mass., $4; Joseph A. Dresser, Abington, Ct., $3; Abby Kelly, for subscribers in Leominster, Mass., $25.

Donations.—Upton (Mass.) Female Emancipation Society, by Abby Kelly, $100; friends in Exeter, N. H., $2; friends in Southborough, Mass., $6 43; Upton (Mass.) Female Emancipation Society, $3; David Strong, Hebron, Ct., $5; Joseph C. Buel, Wolcottville, Ct., $2; Collection at A. S. concert, in Chaplin, Ct., $6; from a deceased colored friend in Maine, name not given, $14 14; Samuel Philbrick, Brookline, Mass., $50 62; Sarah Pugh, Philadelphia, balance of her pledge, $25; a friend of the cause, $3; Amos Clement, Danville, Vt., $250; Augusta V. R. Reed, Norwich, Ct., on account of her pledge, $20; friends in Northboro', Mass., $2 78; friends in Exeter, N. H., 28 cts.; friends in Berlin, Mass., $4 44; Eliza Stacy, Concord, Mass., 50 cts.; John Osgood, Westford, Mass., $4; Clarissa Williams, Groton, Mass., 50 cts.; Margaret Williams, do. 25 cts.; Susan Farnsworth, do. 50 cts.; friends in Bolton, Mass., $3 89; friends in Harvard, Mass., $2 75; friends in Ashburnham, Mass., $3 73; friends in Fitchburgh, Mass., $10 63.

THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

The following was passed unanimously at the late anniversary:

Resolved, That every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society be earnestly recommended to pay into the Treasury of the Society, during the present year, a sum not less than ONE DOLLAR; that every auxiliary Society be advised to urge this recommendation upon the friends of the cause in its vicinity; and that the Executive Committee be requested to publish weekly in the Standard an account of the moneys that may be received into the treasury under this proposition.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account. We trust our friends were in earnest, when they voted for this resolution, and that they will not forget the obligation it imposes upon them. Those who give larger sums will still do well to add this small donation to the list. It is very important that the Society should have some *certain* data to go upon, as a basis for pecuniary arrangements.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged,		$202	00
203	Samuel J. May, South Scituate, Mass.	1	00
204	Samuel W. King, Danvers, " "	1	00
205	Paley King, " "	1	00
206	Abner Sanger, " "	1	00
207	Josiah Hayward, Salem, "	1	00
208	Mary Jane Anderson, Flushing, L. I.	1	00
209	Sarah Rugg, Groton, Mass.	1	00
210	Joshua Cooledge, jr., Watertown, "	1	00
211	Christopher Robinson, Lynn, "	1	00
212	Wm. Basset, " "	1	00
213	James P. Boyce, " "	1	00
214	George O. Harman, Haverhill, "	1	00
215	Samuel Cook, Weymouth, "	1	00
216	Thomas J. Gardner, S. Scituate, "	1	00
217	Elvira Gardner, " "	1	00
218	Daniel Otis, " "	1	00
219	Samuel J. May, " "	1	00
220	Sarah Delano, " "	1	00
221	Dea. E. Stetson " "	1	00
222	Michael Ford, " "	1	00
223	Sarah J. Ford, " "	1	00
224	David B. Ford, " "	1	00
225	Rhoda Ford, " "	1	00
226	Sarah Ford, " "	1	00
227	Mrs. Abby Foster, " "	1	00
228	Lucy Copeland " "	1	00
229	Wm. T. Briggs, " "	1	00
230	Charles C. Briggs, " "	1	00
231	A female friend, " "	1	00
232	Polly Wade, North Scituate, "	1	00
233	Mary O. Robbins, Charlestown, "	1	00
234	Henry Clapp, Scituate, "	1	00
235	An anti-slavery man, "	1	00
236	Rev. George Leonard, Marshfield, Mass.	1	00
237	Wealthy Lewis, South " "	1	00
238	Seth Sprague, Roxbury, Mass.	4	00
239	Gersham Bradford, " "	1	00
240	Henry Soule, " "	1	00
241	Simeon Soule, " "	1	00
242	Nathan Soule, " "	1	00
243	W. H. Sampson " "	1	00
244	Sarah W. Thomas, Kingston, Mass.	1	00
245	Joseph Stetson, " "	1	00
246	Nathaniel Willis, " "	1	00
247	Dea. Seth Drew, " "	1	00
248	Asaph Holmes, " "	1	00
249	Christopher P. Drew, " "	1	00

☞ *FILL UP THE LIST.* ☜

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Congress.

The long-contested bill to incorporate the stockholders of the Fiscal Bank of the United States, has passed the House, precisely as it came from the Senate; yeas 128, nays 97. J. Q. Adams and Henry A. Wise were among those who voted against it. It was sent to the President the same evening; and there is great anxiety and diversity of opinion concerning the course likely to be pursued by him. Mr. Clay's friends are very sanguine that the President will sign the bill; his enemies quite as positive that he will veto it.

During the discussion of the bank bill, Mr. Adams, by a *slip of the tongue*, said, "This whole question of *abolition*"—— upon which the House burst into a roar of laughter, in which Mr. Adams himself joined.

It is said that the Revenue Bill, lately passed, will add some ten or twelve millions to the revenue from the Custom House. It imposes a puty of 20 per centum on all articles heretofore free, with certain exceptions, of dye-stuffs, coarse wool, brass wire for pins, &c. Tea and coffee are retained in the bill.

Mr Adams presented a petition from Wheeling, praying that the free negroes of the country should be sold as slaves, or carried out of the country. Mr. Adams said he presented it out of regard to the right of petition.

Mr. Stanley, of North Carolina, objected to the reception of the petition. He thought it contained a proposition as abhorrent to all sense of justice and humanity, as the proposition to liberate all the slaves in the country."

Where the pockets are not already concerned, the spontaneous feelings of justice and humanity are sometimes unguardedly uttered, even by slaveholders. If it be cruel to enslave the *free* colored population, is not all slavery cruel? It is, emphatically, a *pocket* darkness that pervades this land.

General Items.

Swartwout.—This famous individual has returned, and his case has been investigated. He is said to prove that a large portion of his defalcation was owing to others.—He had indeed involved himself in speculations, and absconded to avoid the difficulties in which he found himself involved. The knaveries of a whole gang were sworn upon him, making him a defaulter to the amount of a *million and a quarter* of dollars. His actual default is said to be $400,000, which he hopes ultimately to repay the government by his coal mines and other property.

Violence and Murder.—A good deal of excitement has prevailed concerning the murder of Mary C. Rogers, a handsome young girl, said to be the main support of her aged mother, who kept a boarding house in Nassau street, New-York. She left home to go to church, as she said, and did not return as expected. On the Wednesday following her dead body was found floating near the Sybil's cave at Hoboken; it was very much mangled and bruised, and had a heavy stone attached to it. She is supposed to have been the victim of brutal violence and to have been murdered to avoid detection. The actors in this horrid tragedy are unknown. She is represented as a virtuous and modest girl.

Mobs and Riots.—The St. Louis Republican states that the citizens of Illinois town, opposite St. Louis, have for some time past been troubled with a gang of gamblers, pickpockets and burglars, who have committed many depredations. Recently, however, they determined to bear with them no longer. A number of the citizens repaired to the coffee-house in which the desperadoes resided, and demolished every moveable article and all the gambler's apparatus, and placing the proprietors of the house and their guests in a ferry boat, sent them over to St. Louis.

Poison.—A family of great worldly respectability in New-Orleans were lately poisoned by a slave who was an old and confidential servant. The provoking causes of the event are, as usual, all in the dark. But one died, though a were extremely ill.

Seduction.—John McNulty, a Catholic priest has lately been fined $2,500 for the seduction of a girl of eighteen, the daughter of Patrick McFarlin, a very respectable Irishman, and a member of his flock. He has filed a bill of exceptions to the decision of Judge Willard, and moved for a new trial.

Albino.—A negro Albino has been lately exhibited in Boston, Lowell, &c. He has white wool, pink eyes, Guinea features, and a skin paler than most white people. He was born of black parents, in Georgia, and is about eight years old.

Murder.—A negro boy in Coupee, La. a few days since killed his master, and when he was likely to be apprehended blew out his own brains with a pistol.

Streak of Lightning.—It is calculated that passengers will be taken from Albany to Boston over the Western Railroad in four hours! A steamer is now nearly completed in Hoboken, which is to run from New-York to Albany and back between sunrise and sunset!

The Texas Boundary Commissioners have completed their labors. The dividing line between Texas and the United States strikes Red River a mile and a half above the White Oak Shoals.

Fashionable Suicide.—A young woman in Albany lately died from tight lacing. The ribs were contracted to within half their natural circumference, and the shoulder blades were actually lapped over each other! The chest was, of course, extremely narrow, and not half the natural room was left for the action of the heart, and the inspiration of air into the lungs.

A Sentence.—Wm. H. Williams, convicted of importing twenty-four slaves into Louisiana, in violation of law, has been sentenced to forfeit the twenty-four slaves so illegally imported into the State, fined $12,000, and committed to prison till the same, together with the costs of court be paid. A law of that State provides that in no case shall imprisonment for the non-payment of any fine of the court exceed one year—hence, Mr. Williams may pay $12,000 and obtain his liberty, or remain twelve months in jail, and keep the $12,000.

Another Bank Robbery.—Wm. McK. Ball, cashier of the branch bank of the State Bank of Arkansas, at Fayetteville, recently absconded to Texas, leaving the bank *minus* some $61,000.

A Female Sailor.—A healthy, good-humored looking Scotch girl lately took passage on board the Algonquin, as a common sailor. She went aloft several times, and was nimble and fearless. Her disguise was not suspected for several days. When the sailors made it known to the captain, he treated her in the kindest and most respectful manner. She is said to have behaved with great decorum on board. She had taken this means to escape a cruel step-father. When the vessel arrived in Philadelphia, she was placed as a domestic in a respectable family, and seemed highly delighted at her good fortune.

"Some variation Southward in the instrument."—The present administration have appointed the following Foreign Ministers: *One* from the Free States. *Five* from the Slave States. A correspondent of the New-York Herald says Everett's nomination still "hangs on the charge of *abolition!*

Ex-Gov. Edward

Poetry.

THE FUGITIVE.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

"Ye shall torture no more with the scourge and the chain,
For the fetter which bound me is broken in twain;
And I leave you its links, with the blood-rust thereon,
A witness of deeds that the despot hath done.

"Away—and forever! I spurn the control
Which hath fettered my body and bowed down my soul—
With the pride of a freeman I trample in scorn
The yoke which my neck hath too patiently borne!

"Ye may follow my track where the herbage is red,
For my feet have been bathed in the blood of your dead—
Ye may follow in vengeance—but wo for the hour!
For your footsteps are girt by a perilous power!"

He spoke—and the triumph of vengeance was seen
In the flash of his eye and the pride of his mien;
And he muttered a curse on the land of the South,
While a smile of derision still played round his mouth.

One look on the spot which his hatred hath cursed,
And away, like a steed of the wild, he hath burst!
Exultant, he bounds over hill-top and plain,
And his foot spurns the earth with the pride of disdain.

No more shall the blood of the fugitive drip
All warmly and red from the overseer's whip—
No longer shall thrill on the fugitive's ear
The threat of the master, the taunt, and the jeer.

Away to the land of the North—for her star
Shall beacon thy course from its blue home afar!
Away like the wind—pausing not to look back,
For the seeker of blood shall be quick on thy track!

Where the home of the planter magnificent stood,
There are mouldering ruins and foot-prints in blood;
Where the tone of the viol rose soft on the air,
Is the voice of the mourner—the wail of despair!

Wo! wo! for the lovely, the good, and the brave,
By the whirlwind of vengeance swept down to the grave!
For the Spoiler passed on like a demon of wrath,
And Massacre yelled in his havoc-strewn path.

On the still air of midnight, a terrible cry,
Like the trumpet of Doom, calls the sleepers—*to die!*
They woke—but the prayer of their anguish was vain,
For the sabre is red with the blood of the slain!

When the Morning looked out from the East with its sun,
The work of destruction and vengeance was done—
The smoke, like a pall, wrapt the desolate scene,
And Ruin scowled darkly where Beauty had been.

What marvel? Yet weep for the tree and the flower
Swept down to the dust in a terrible hour!
For the strength which hath passed from the place where it stood!
For the light which was quenched in a tempest of blood!

Oh, this was the work of revenge and despair,
When the fetter and yoke were too galling to bear—
For the iron had entered the fugitive's soul,
Till he spurned in his hatred the tyrant's control.

From his wife and his child they had torn him apart,
Unheeding the anguish which gnawed at his heart—
And he knew that the daughter he idolized must
Be doomed to a life of pollution and lust.

Then the demon awoke—and he vowed in his wrath
That the blood of the despot should crimson his path;
That Ruin should howl o'er their desolate hearth,
Who had scoffed at his woe in the madness of mirth.

And dark was the hatred he nursed in his breast,
Till the thirst for revenge robbed his spirit of rest—
Then he swept o'er their home like a whirlwind of fire,
And Destruction trod close in the path of his ire.

Flow darkly, St. Illa! for mixed with thy flood,
There are tears in the track of the Shedder of Blood!
And thy waves have a tone like a funeral wail,
As they give their low voice to the answering gale!

From his death-work the Slayer in triumph hath gone—
Weep, land of the South! for his deed is thine own—
Aye, weep, till thine eye-balls in agony swim,
For the cup of thy trembling is filled to the brim!

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

BY MRS. HALE.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam;
And thou must go; but never, when there,
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire;
'Twill burn, 'twill burn, forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
But when sails are shivered, and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home.

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright;
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame, 'twill gild the name;
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles, that rich one's claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come!
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

From the Lady's Cabinet Magazine.

THE WRECK OF LOVE.

BY MRS. H. MUZZEY.

Love trimmed his fairy shallop's sail,
And laughing, wooed a prosperous gale;
While Faith, with eye serene and mild,
Sat at the helm, and calmly smiled.

O'er the clear and sunlit sea
Love's shallop glided merrily;
And what had Love to do with Fear,
While Faith was there, the bark to steer?

Bright was each isle they glided by,
And bright the sea, and bright the sky;
Love carrolled, gay, his sweetest air,
Or slept secure, for Faith was there.

At length, a storm lowered darkly, near:
"Fear not," cried Faith, "I still am here."
Love fixed on Faith his steadfast eye,
Serene and bright—the storm passed by!

But Jealousy, with aspect wild,
Approached and hailed the trusting child;
Love listened 'till o'ercome with dread;
Faith left the helm, and trembling fled!

Who now the fairy bark shall steer?
Wild winds the guideless rudder veer;
By whelming waves the bark is tossed,
And Love is wrecked, and Faith is lost!

There is no danger but in cowardice:
We *make* the danger when we *fear* it.

Coleridge.

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:
OR
LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XIX.

The lean and withered Juno, on leaving the hut of Peggy with young Whitlaw, continued her strange hobbling pace till she reached the running stream at the back of it. There she stopped, and awaited him; for although he could easily have passed with one step the space which she painfully conquered by three, he lagged behind her. The effects this old woman and her grimaces produced on him were, in truth, complicated and contradictory in the extreme. He loathed her age and ugliness; he scorned her helpless, slavish poverty; he hated her assumption of license, and even power, above her fellows; but stronger than all was, nevertheless, the sentiment which made him shrink from her mockings and mysteries, and yet bend and servilely crawl before them.

Juno pretty well knew that "such and so great" was her power; and many a good time, and oft, had the wily old woman indulged her abhorrence and revenge towards him and his occupation, by playing upon the terrors which ever lie crouching in the mind of a bad man, ready to torment him whenever some influence from without can be made to rouse and set the imps in action.

A metaphysician might have understood all this wonderfully well, and yet have been puzzled to work the machinery of such a mind as skilfully as Juno did. In truth, she knew to a nicety how far she might carry her tricks with every individual with whom she had to deal; and if all who undertook to rule their fellows studied the ins and outs of human feelings as patiently as old Juno, power as gigantic as Napoleon's might perhaps be seen to sweep over the earth oftener than once in half a dozen centuries.

The history of this whimsical being, half saint, half sorceress, as she was, may be given in few words. She was born in the family of a French creole, the mistress of which chose her out of a number of new-born blackies submitted to her inspection, much as a young lady might select a kitten from among a litter, for her own particular amusement.

The hateful position which gave Madame Briot the power of doing this was not of her own seeking, nor its consequences her own choice; but the steady, gentle kindness, with which the helpless being she had thus drawn near her, was fostered as long as she lived, was indeed all her own. It was, however, with more amiability of feeling than correctness of judgment, that the little negress was permitted not only to be in attendance during all the lessons received by Madame Briot's children, but to read the books they read, and to emulate their progress in every branch of education through which white teachers could be prevailed upon to lead her. The dancing and music masters luckily both declared that they could by no means consent to such unwonted degradation; and thus Juno escaped the danger of becoming "elegantly accomplished." But even so, the hours devoted to the fine arts by her young mistresses were not passed without danger by her; for she spent them wholly in reading, and that reading was of a miscellaneous kind, furnished by a New Orleans circulating library.

The yellow fever carried off her kind-hearted, but thoughtless patroness, just as Juno reached the age of sixteen. M. Briot, having European connexions, immediately decided upon placing his young family under their care. His New Orleans establishment was accordingly broken up, and his slaves sold.

Juno next became the property of an English settler, and thence the misery of her long and suffering life began. This man, struck by her unusual acquirements, amused himself by making her his companion and his mistress. He conversed with her as with a being of intellectual faculties equal to his own; furnished her with all the most stirring poetry of his own country, for the gratification of seeing how it would work on her wild imagination; and having thus given her a glimpse of happiness not easily conceived by beings under ordinary circumstances, he too departed for Europe, taking with him a little yellow girl of eighteen months old, on whom he determined to bestow an education which should atone by its expense for the cruelty he considered himself *obliged* to practise by abandoning her mother. In a paroxysm of sentimental generosity, he determined, however, not to sell, but to give Juno to a friend he left behind him.

The unfortunate was not the less a slave for the manner of the transfer; and when she recovered from the frenzy that fell upon her, on seeing her child borne away in the arms of its father, she found herself again installed as the mistress of a white man.

To him she bore many children; but her apathetic indifference to them and their father, though only manifested by an external tranquillity of demeanor, alike undisturbed by love or hate, was in strange contrast to the wild fervor of her first affections. After ten years of cohabitation, this man died, leaving her and her eight children still slaves. His executors sold them all to the highest bidders; and it was said that Juno never inquired to whose hands fate had consigned her offspring. For the third time, she herself became the favorite of her owner, and again bore children; but she performed this task, as she did all others assigned her, much more like a well regulated machine than a human being, never giving any outward indication whatever of either will, wish, or affections. On the marriage of this man, she was again sold; and having the good fortune to be now purchased by a widow lady, who, though a slaveholder, was nevertheless a very charitable and well-disposed Christian, the unhappy woman seemed in some degree to awake from the unnatural state of torpidity, into which the detested degradation of the last fifteen years of her existence had plunged her.

With this mistress she remained above twenty years, during which time her manner of life was irreproachable.

She so evidently possessed the good lady's esteem, that every body who knew the parties, considered it as certain, that when the old lady died, she would leave Juno the legacy of her freedom.

Poor Juno thought so too; and in the deep silence of her unopened heart, she had resolved to what use that freedom should be turned. During the years which succeeded the departure of her first child for England, this miserable but favored slave continued to learn from time to time, from some who still maintained a correspondence with the one only object of her idolatry, that her child was still alive, and still fondly cherished by its father; then, that she had married an Englishman of good fortune; and then, that she had died leaving one little girl.

The tumult of hidden emotion into which these different tidings threw the forgotten mother need not be traced here. With care and pains that defeated every difficulty, she contrived to hear of the welfare of this grandchild, on whom her heart continued to fix all its burning fondness. She heard that the girl was beautiful, beyond even the far famed beauty of the fair race among whom she dwelt; and the fancy of the poor negress sketched her image, and then clung to it as to an idol.

The liberality of those with whom Juno had lived had made her mistress of some scores of dollars, and she had never expended a cent from the day on which her first child was taken from her. This sum, though not amounting to half that which the purchase of her freedom would require, was quite sufficient to pay a passage to England; and to England she determined to go, there to behold her glorious grandchild, and there to die, as soon as her old mistress should have winged her way to heaven, and left her in possession of her freedom.

Her old mistress died at length. Bureaus, caskets, writing desks, and chests, were all searched to find her will, but searched in vain; and Juno, at the age of fifty, was still a slave.

She was now again sold, and transferred to the estate known by the name of Paradise Plantation, near Natchez. This last frightful disappointment of the patient, steadfast hope of many years, for a time unsettled the hopes of the unfortunate woman; but she had herself a strange consciousness that her mind was shaken, and took refuge in almost total silence, from the observations she dreaded to excite. She had now fallen into the hands of a planter, who had bought her cheap, with many others of equally advanced age, merely for the drudgery of hoeing and weeding; an employment which, by keeping her entirely in the open air, certainly contributed to her recovery; and in about eighteen months after the death of her old mistress, Juno was so nearly well as to believe herself completely restored to mental health; and that without the overseer's having ever suspected that it was a lunatic who performed her allotted tasks with so much more rapidity than any other in the gang.

As soon as these daily tasks were over, it was her habit to steal forth into the forest that skirted the estate, where she found the greatest delight in recalling verses which she had committed to memory during the days of her happiness, and reciting them aloud. Even after her reason was in a great degree restored, this exercise continued to be her chief solace; and though she usually chose her time and place so well, that "her spirits," as she chose to call the small green parrots that abound in that region, were for the most part her only auditors, yet it sometimes happened that she was overheard uttering these very unaccountable sounds; and the idea which had now become universal in the neighborhood, that old Juno held intercourse with supernatural beings, had its origin in this.

Three times had she been sold with the other live stock, without being removed from the estate, when Edward and Lucy Bligh established themselves in the forest near it. She was then rather more than seventy years old; but it was easy to persuade all such as were much younger, especially as most of those employed on Colonel Dart's property came there as strangers, that she was greatly more.

She had quite ceased to think of freedom, or of England; and all that remained of her early affections was the idea, yearly becomin more vague, that she was the ancestress of a very beautiful and glorious race, to whom she should be reunited after death, provided that the days she had still to pass on earth were spent in doing all the good she could to the virtuous, and thwarting and tormenting the wicked to the utmost of her power.

The consciousness that this power was very considerable, was certainly a source of no trifling pride and pleasure to old Juno; but if she sometimes used it rather wantonly in vexing and confounding the spirits she deemed sinful, she never relaxed in her efforts to aid and sustain those she believed to be good. Phebe had not been on the estate a week before old Juno discovered the difference between her and her fellow-laborers; and a farther knowledge of her and her mother had revived a greater feeling of affection in the heart of the poor old woman than she had felt since her sufferings began. She had become also one of the earliest and most devoted of Edward's flock. Lucy's delicate beauty recalled the visionary form she had so long cherished as that of her descendants; and her love and reverence to her, as well as to the cause in which she was engaged, was certainly sometimes expressed with a degree of vehemence that justified Edward's doubts as to her sanity.

Of Colonel Dart she had early conceived the very worst opinion; and that, amongst others, for three especial reasons. First, he liked to watch the flogging of his slaves; and notice was regularly given him by the various overseers when any thing of the kind, *worth looking at*, was going on.

Secondly, he was the most suspicious man alive; often dreaming of plots, and then acting much as if they had been discovered and proved. And, thirdly, he never went to church.

However wandering and wild the cause on which the wits of old Juno might occasionally have rambled, their acuteness was in no degree blunted by the exercise; for when she called them home again to the scenes passing around her, they not only penetrated to the motives and feelings of those among whom she lived, but enabled her to influence them in a manner that certainly made her one of the most important persons at Paradise Plantation.

For Whitlaw she conceived an aversion, if possible, more vehement than that inspired by his patron; and it is certain that many, many years had passed over her head since Juno had experienced a degree of satisfaction so lively, as that produced by the discovery that he too, while treating with ribald scorn the prophecies and revelations on which hang the hopes of the world, trembled before the mumbled incantations of an old woman.

She had hitherto used her power over him with little other object than his torment and her own amusement; but while idly lying about, as was her wont, now under the shelter of a ditch, and now of a furrow, she had heard more than one hint that Phebe was likely to become the "favorite" of the confidential clerk. Her first interference in the affair was to ascertain whether the poor girl herself was likely to be a willing party to the arrangement; but when she had discovered the truth on that point, her determination was at once taken that Whitlaw should never obtain possession of her; and she set to work in her own peculiar manner to prevent it, with the most perfect confidence of success.

It would be tedious to recount the glidings and the slidings, the creepings and the crawlings, the unseen exits and the unsuspected entries, by which Juno learned all she wanted to know, and by aid of which she appeared wherever she wanted to be found: the effect of her agency may be easily traced without following all the intricacies of the machinery she employed.

Having given this sketch of the origin of Juno and her *diablerie*, we may, henceforward, venture to describe her arts, without being suspected of any intention to mystify the reader.

On reaching the little brook, behind Peggy's hut, the old woman stopped short, drawing figures in the air, between her and it, with her bamboo, which served her alternately as a crutch to sustain her failing limbs on earth, and a wand with which to exercise power over the spirits of the air.

As Whitlaw, with uncertain and reluctant steps, approached her, his eyes were fixed on this instrument, and something like a smile of contempt curled his lip. The old woman saw it, and, as was usual with her, upon all occasions when she wished to be particularly cabalistic and impressive, she addressed him in doggrel rhyme.

"Of human weakness and of strength divine,
A symbol see in this charmed rod of mine!
With this I stay my feeble steps on earth,
With this I give to living spirits birth.
Beware!—lest in its two-fold use you see,
Aught that should make you scorn my power or me."

These words were accompanied with some of Juno's most effective grimaces. She opened wide her large prominent eyes, and glared upon him, till the bold sceptic trembled; then fixing them on the earth, with her brows knit and her left hand supporting her chin, she stood, as if meditating what she should do to punish him for the irreverent smile she had detected.

"What would you say to me, good Juno?" said Whitlaw, in an accent of respect and kindness, which nothing but terror could have drawn from him, when addressing one of her race.

Nobody could know this better than the old woman herself; and feeling that she had hold of his dastard spirit, she determined to give it a gripe before it escaped; therefore, again raising her very terrible-looking eyes to his face, and extending her bamboo towards him, she said:

"What would Juno say to you?
Unsmile that smile, or you shall rue!
A negro and a slave am I;
But if it please the powers on high—
Those fearful powers that fill the air,
Holding mysterious counsels there—
On me their wondrous gifts to send,
All mortals must before me bend.
Kneel lowly, then, upon the mossy sod,
And kiss, repentant, my avenging rod.
Obey, and love and joy are thine!
Rebel, and vengeance deep is mine!"

Upon this awful summons, the nominal freeman knelt down before the nominal slave, and did, in sober earnest, literally kiss the cane she extended to him, while the old woman chuckled inwardly; nay, an observant and tranquil spectator might have perceived that outwardly, too, she evinced somewhat of the malicious triumph which so agreeably tickled her spirit. Her queer mouth twisted and contracted itself in a very remarkable manner; and there was a comical movement in her head, that would have infinitely amused any lover of fun, who had seen and understood it.

Whitlaw, however, neither saw nor understood anything, but that he was in the power of a hateful sorceress, leagued with the devil, and in some sort his vicegerent here on earth, whose power and activity in the particular spot he inhabited was the necessary consequence of the "wealth of niggers" on Paradise Plantation; an evil which he inwardly swore should be atoned for by the sufferings of the accursed race. Meanwhile, self-preservation and self-gratification were of course his principal objects; and urged by the feelings which these dictated, he framed his features into a look of very meek obedience, as he rose from his humble position, and repeated his question—

"Now, good Juno, what would you say to me?"

One of the old woman's favorite tricks to produce effect, was to change her dialect, from the English she had learned but too well during her days of happiness, to the negro gibberish usually spoken by her race; declaring that when using the former, she was "under a power," and could not help it. She now replied to Whitlaw without the aid of inspiration.

"I'se right-down glad, massa 'dential clerk, you dutiful to the spirits. I 'spect Juno can help you a spell, massa Whitlaw, with the black beauty.—Please speak civil, 'cause of the spirits. One—two—three. Oh! there they are, skimming and dipping over your head. Speak civil, massa Whitlaw, 'cause else they'll be on me 'gen, and that works Juno."

"Civil!" muttered Whitlaw between his teeth. "D——n."

"Oh . . . h! Oh . . . h!" cried Juno, shuddering, and raising her bamboo towards the heavens; "Oh . . . h! they are coming, they are coming."

"Well, then," said Whitlaw, turning pale, "there's money for ye; and hark ye—"

Here he bent down to the level of old Juno's ear, and, as if fearing that the spirits she had talked of should overhear him, whispered the commission he wished to entrust to her.

"Ay, ay, ay," replied the sybil, nodding her head mysteriously three times, and then bursting out in a tone of triumph:

"Done! done it shall be!
And fear not that she
Shall dare wrestle with me,
Or much longer continue rebellious to thee."

She then made a sign that he should again lower his head to a level with hers; and having, in her turn, whispered something to him, she started back towards the hut, then paused, and seeing that he still remained where she left him, her wand was raised into the air, and the word "Away!" uttered in a loud, shrill, shrieking accent, that seemed preternaturally prolonged, till it had reached the craven heart of Whitlaw; when he, too, started off, and departed from the spot as fast as his long legs could carry him.

CHAPTER XX.

Whatevér might have been the whispered compact between Whitlaw and his inspired agent, the immediate consequence of it was the disappearance of Phebe from her mother's hut. Several days passed, and Peggy heard no tidings of her; but, in the interval, Edward Bligh paid her another midnight visit, to inform her of the reasons he had for believing that her daughter had not been sold at Natchez.

"Thank God for that, Master Edward!" she exclaimed. "Any thing is better than to have her sold away off the place. But do you think, sir," she continued, "that the clerk has put her into prison?"

Tears of deep but patient suffering, rolled, almost unconsciously to herself, down Peggy's cheeks as she spoke. Edward's heart was wrung as he looked at her sunken, melancholy features; and though he certainly had no great faith in the circumstance himself, he related the manner in which Juno had replied to the inquiry of Lucy, by pronouncing the word, "Safe."

"She did! she did!" cried Peggy, in an ecstasy. "Then, safe she is, Master Edward, as surely as I now hear your voice."

"Is it possible, Peggy," replied the young man, almost reproachfully, "that you, who are a Christian, can place such confidence in a word uttered by that poor crazed cripple?"

"Crazed, Master Edward! Oh, Juno is not crazed—unless crazed folks know more than uncrazed ones."

"How should she know more, Peggy? What means of knowledge can she possibly have, beyond the rest of ye? I hope she *is* crazy, poor soul! for if not, she is, unquestionably, an impostor."

"I may not say no, when you say yes, Master Edward," replied Peggy, respectfully; "but the master himself knows, and all the overseers as well, that there is no use in not believing Juno. All she speaks comes true."

Edward wisely avoided any discussion on the subject, and proceeded to inquire the reason of the people's having absented themselves from worship on the night of the Sabbath; to which Peggy replied, that she would willingly tell him all she had heard. "But then, again, Master Edward," she said, "you will find that Juno knew more than any other body."

She then proceeded to relate, that on the Saturday night, Juno entered her hut long after she and the children were in bed, and having awakened her very gently, whispered in her ear—

"Pray to the great God of the white man and the negro, kneeling on your own floor, to-morrow night, if you would save from destruction, those who have mercifully spoken to you in the name of the Lord."

A similar visit, Peggy said, accompanied by the same admonition, had been made, in the course of that night, to every hut on the estate, inhabited by any of the congregation; and "wonderful to tell," she added, "in two instances, in which poor, unconverted souls were lodged in the same chamber with the faithful, old Juno contrived to do her errand without their knowing she had entered among them at all."

The old woman's manner of effecting her object upon this occasion was certainly extraordinary, and her step must have been as rapid as it was silent; for it appeared that, between the setting and the rising of the sun, she had traversed the grounds in all directions.

"At any rate, Peggy," observed Edward, as he prepared to take his leave, "she has not improved my opinion of her by preventing my faithful flock from meeting me in the forest. Should she repeat this, I shall deeply regret that our meetings were ever made known to her."

So saying, he departed, leaving a degree of peace and hope with Peggy, respecting the fate of her child, which he was, himself, far from sharing.

Edward had refused to let his sister accompany him on this midnight expedition, in consideration of the early hour at which the wagon would pass on the morrow, which was to convey her to Natchez; and it was, in truth, not long after his return, that the indescribable rumble of a huge American market-wagon, over ordinary roads, was heard approaching Fox's clearing. The first vibration of this sound gave Lucy warning to descend from her little, low-roofed chamber, which now seemed to wear an aspect a thousand times more endearing than it had ever done before; but she had time to linger, and even to mount the ladder-like stair again, to bid it another farewell, before the resounding machine appeared in sight.

Edward would willingly have disbursed double the number of cents charged for Lucy's fare to Natchez, for the comfort of escorting her to her strange home,—but he felt strongly persuaded that nothing would so much contribute to her safety, in case danger fell upon him, as their never having been seen together there. The only person who knew him in the town was Mrs. Shepherd; and from her he thought there could be little to fear, even should she hear of him as the woodland apostle of the negroes, provided he avoided, as effectually as it was possible, the identifying himself as the brother of her work-woman.

Without fully entering with Lucy into all his reasons for this,—for not for worlds would he have told her how darkly the shadows of events that were to come rested upon the path he had to tread,—Edward made her understand, that, in his opinion, it would be better for them to meet only every Sunday, in the forest, and pass that day together in the quiet, peaceful manner they were wont to do, than for him to be seen with her at Natchez.

Neither the employment he had chosen for her, nor the wild and precarious existence he had marked out for himself, appeared at all likely to contribute to the happiness of either. A thousand times would she have preferred continuing the drudgery of their teaching together, as they had hitherto done, to the certain separation, and very doubtful advantages of this new scheme; but Edward had made her feel that it was her duty to obey him, and she determined to do so,—unless, as a terrible idea which often came across her, made her think possible—unless a more obvious duty still, should oblige her to substitute her own judgment for his.

It was, therefore, with a feeling of depression, almost equal to what it might have cost her, in better days, to have quitted a far different home, that Lucy mounted the wagon that was to convey her from Fox's clearing to the gay and beautiful-looking town of Natchez.

There are few congregations of houses in any land that offer a fairer aspect to the eye than this of Natchez. The sudden and isolated elevation of its position, commanding, as it does, an unbroken expanse of enormous extent, through which the gigantic Mississippi rolls its majestic stream, brightly visible at intervals for many miles, both up and down its course, is, of itself, in that region of level sameness, a very exhilarating feature.

The town, though it has no architectural graces to embellish it, is, nevertheless, gay-looking and pretty in no common degree. Nothing seems to suggest ideas of greater enjoyment in the external appearance of dwelling-houses, than those contrivances for obtaining air and shade, which are found in all warm countries. Whether the same effect be produced by this on the imaginations of those who are to the "manner born," I know not; but I believe no native of a somewhat northern climate, ever looks upon these preparations for shade, in the midst of sunshine, without feeling that they promise a very enviable sort of enjoyment.

Natchez abounds in verandas, balconies, and awnings; in addition to which, abundance of fine orange trees fill the air with perfume. The vegetation is universally bright and abundant, and the whole scene animated by the variety of its living groups; among which, creoles, quadroons, and negroes are found in nearly equal proportions; while, not unfrequently, a party of Indians, more picturesque than any of them, may be seen sadly and silently gazing upon the wide expanse that was once their own, but which they now traverse with the timid steps of an intruder.

On the whole, therefore, the spectacle that meets the eye on emerging from the forest, behind Natchez, is sufficiently beautiful to enliven any spirit less profoundly sad than that of Lucy; but, in truth, she saw it not. Seated in a corner of the wagon, her close bonnet pulled low over her face, and her eyes shut,—in the hope of stopping the national catechism to which she was exposed from the driver, as to whence she came, where she was going to stop, *et cetera*—by feigning to be asleep,—the melancholy girl saw nothing, till the vehicle drove up to the brick pavement, before Mrs. Shepherd's door; and perhaps she would willingly have closed her eyes again, when they showed her the grim, sharp, sour features of the stiff mistress of the establishment to which she was about to belong.

"Soh! here you be, then," was the first salutation that greeted her. "Well, I didn't need have been in a pucker about your beauty, nohow! Why, you're as pale as new white-wash. I calculate you can't stand much steady work, Miss?"

"I am not in bad health, madam: but I rose very early this morning, which has, perhaps, made me paler than usual."

"Humph! I expect that you calculate early rising to be bad for the health, then; but that's not a notion that will be approbated here; so it's not over and above lucky."

"I am never late in bed," replied Lucy, gently.

It required an effort to pronounce even these few words without tears. The observation of Mrs. Shepherd unluckily touched a chord that suddenly took her memory back to the time, little more than one short year, when Phebe used to enter her pretty, nicely curtained apartment on tip-toe, and before she let in a sunbeam on her young mistress, watched cautiously to see if her fine eyes were open to receive it.

Poor Lucy felt much more angry at her own weakness, for suffering such a thought to affect her, than at the harshness of the words which gave rise to it; but some of her mental reproaches ought to have fallen upon her uncalculating thoughtlessness in leaving her breakfast untasted. The wagon-road to Natchez, from the necessity of going round a very wide, unfordable creek, was somewhat more than twelve miles; and deliberate as that motion must have been, which carried her over at the rate of two miles an hour, it is, nevertheless, certain, that the continuance of it for six hours, when fasting, did make Lucy feel very painfully exhausted; a weakness which may be more readily excused, when the depressed state of her spirits at parting, for the first time in her life, from her brother, is taken into consideration.

Her slight and delicate frame, however, was animated by a mind that would not have disgraced one promising greater strength; and her tearful propensities were chased by a genuine smile, when Mrs. Shepherd continued the conversation by saying, "I expect you'll be for beginning your boarding at once, Miss Bligh?"

"I should indeed be very glad of some breakfast," said Lucy.

"I guess so; and I'll be setting the work you are to start with, while you eat it; that's tit for tat, you know. Dido!" screamed the mistress of the house, without moving from her place behind the counter.

A little negress of about ten years old answered the call.

"Take a cup of coffee and a roll for the new lady into the keeping room; and tell Miss Clarinda Butterworth to come to me."

Miss Clarinda Butterworth appeared accordingly.

"Here's the new Miss for the plain work, Miss Clary. Show her in; and then step back to me for the frock-skirts she's to begin with. She'll be after eating her breakfast while I fix 'em."

The young person thus addressed was far from ill looking; but there was a little air of prétension and hauteur about her, and particularly observable as she ran her eyes over the attire of the humble personage committed to her charge, which might have been very disagreeable to one who had in any degree aspired to competition, with the elegance of a young Natchez sempstress, of unmixed white blood.—Luckily, this was a presumption that Lucy dreamed not of; and consequently a little toss of her head, and the lazy, reluctant sort of step, with which Miss Clara preceded her to the keeping room, were as harmless as the chirpings of a gay plumaged bird.

The keeping-room was a good sized parlor behind the shop; and Lucy found assembled there four young women, who, with herself and her conductor, formed the whole company of Mrs. Shepherd's very thriving needle-work establishment.

"How d'ye do, Miss Lucy Bligh?" exclaimed a bright faced, black eyed girl, as she entered, whose countenance expressed, in equal proportion, boldness and good humour:

"We have been looking for you this half hour."

"You behave yourself, Miss Arabella Tomkins," said a damsel at least a dozen years her senior, who, from her situation at the head of a long work-table, a careful frown upon her brow, and an air of precision over her whole person, was evidently the deputy commander-in-chief; "That's not the way to receive a new comer."

Lucy paused for a moment after she entered, to see if she should be invited to any particular place in the apartment; but this not being the case, she placed herself at a little table near one of the windows, which, being opened, tempted her, both from the fresh air and fine prospect which it offered.

"Beg your pardon, but that's my place, if you please," said the haughty Miss Clarinda, placing her hand upon the back of the chair, thus unintentionally usurped.

Lucy quitted it instantly; when her conductor putting the middle finger of her right hand in her mouth, and then ensconcing it in her thimble, sat herself down to work, without uttering a single syllable more, either of introduction or welcome.

"Will you please to sit here?" said a girl, the sweetness of whose voice and accent caused Lucy involuntarily to hasten her step as she approached to accept the offered chair. This welcome overture came from the youngest and prettiest girl in the room; but her large eyes, as she raised them to give the stranger a glance of welcome, had an expression of shyness that made Lucy feel the more grateful to her for the effort she had made to relieve her from her awkward position.

"Thank you very much," said Lucy, "but I am afraid I shall be in your way; dont let me derange all this beautiful lace."

"Oh no!" replied the little beauty; "here is quite room and to spare for you and me too!"

"Mind your work, Miss Talbot," was uttered from the top of the table.

A girl on the other side of Lucy laughed aloud, and then said in a tone that hardly affected to be a whisper, "Cross old maids are a plague every where; ain't they, Miss Bligh?"

"You think you may say any thing to-day, cause of the pine apples, Miss Olivia; but Mrs. Shepherd must look for another forewoman if your tongue is to run at that rate."

Miss Olivia hummed a tune.

At this moment the little Dido entered, with a tray bearing a large cup of coffee and a very delicate looking white roll. Wherever there are slaves, all white persons who are hired to work at any employment are sure to be delicately fed; as the difference made between the two races is always as marked as possible in this particular, as well as in all others.

"I suppose your are half starved, Miss Lucy Bligh?" said the laughing-eyed Arabella, in a tone that seemed to hover, between quizzing and kindness.

Lucy wisely chose to answer to the latter only, and replied with a very sweet smile, "It is very true indeed; I have eaten nothing to-day, and have been travelling ever since four o'clock."

"My—!" responded Arabella, the good humored division of her pie-bald character coming forward; "What's one cup of coffee, after that? I say, black devil—you Dido, you—bring another cup of coffee here; hot, hot, hot, and another roll this instant, or I'll roll you, in no time."

"You are very kind," said Lucy, really enjoying her repast, and cheered to think that neither Mrs. Shepherd, her prim deputy, nor even the sublime Clarinda, were to be her only companions: "But I am afraid that Mrs Shepherd will think me absolutely voracious."

"Never mind her, if she does," said Arabella; "she's bound to board us, you know, and we're not to be treated like niggers."

Miss Clarinda Butterworth left the room while this was passing, and presently returned with an armful of little white dresses, which, with a fitting accompaniment of threads and needles, she delivered over to Lucy "to begin;" who, hastily concluding her breakfast, set herself, with a most willing spirit, to her task.

"One on one side of the table, and one on the other, ladies, is the way to have room. That's fit for nothing but just to run your needles into each other's eyes; so you'll please to walk over, Miss Lucy Bligh, and seat yourself by Miss Arabella Tomkins."

Lucy obeyed; but it was not without reluctance that she quitted the side of the pretty creature, who had been addressed by the forewoman as Miss Talbot. It is true that she had not again addressed her; but her first friendly words, and sundry little kind attentions during her breakfast, made her feel as if she were leaving a friend.

Before Lucy again seated herself, she proposed to lay aside her shawl and bonnet, which Miss Talbot had taken from her and laid upon the table.

"These things will be in the way here, ma'am," said she, addressing the superior; "shall I take them to my room?"

"You're to sleep with me, Miss Lucy Bligh," exclaimed the pretty little Talbot, eagerly; "so I will show you the way."

The two girls left the room together, but not without a word of admonition from their chief, intimating that they were not to stay too long.

In the short interview which they allowed themselves after mounting to the little attic allotted for their use, Lucy was pleased to observe that her companion uttered no phrase against any of the party they had left, or even the sour Mrs. Shepherd herself; but pointed out, with pretty eagerness, all the little preparations she had made for her comfort, and then said, "Now let us make haste down stairs; it is much better to please Miss Frampton, if we can." Lucy's judgment, as well as her temper, led her to agree very heartily in this opinion, and she followed her new friend down stairs with more lightness of heart than she had felt since Edward had first announced her new vocation.

"It's eleven o'clock, ladies," was uttered by Miss Frampton, as they entered. The two girls separated, each taking her allotted place; and we must now leave Lucy sedulously engaged in propitiating the favor of her employer, by the rapid and skilful movement of her delicate fingers.

From "Elia." By Charles Lamb.

QUAKER MEETING.

'Wouldst thou know,' said the thoughtful 'Elia,' 'what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamors of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess the depth of thy own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone, and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; an unit in aggregate; a simple in composite; come with me in a Quaker's Meeting. Nothing-plotting, nought-caballing, unmischievous synod! convocation without intrigue! parliament without debate! what a lesson dost thou read to council and to consistory! My spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when sitting among you in deepest peace, which some cut-welling tears would rather confirm than disturb, I have reverted to the times of your beginnings, and the sowings of the seed by Fox and Dewsbury. I have witnessed that, which brought before my eyes your heroic tranquility, inflexible to the rude jests and serious violences of the insolent soldiery, republican or royalist, sent to molest you; for ye sat betwixt the fires of two persecutions, the outcast and offscouring of church and presbytery. I have seen the reeling sea-ruffian, who had wandered into your receptacle, with the avowed intention of disturbing your quiet, from the very spirit of the place receive in a moment a new heart, and presently sit among ye as a lamb amidst lambs. I remember Penn before his accusers, and Fox in the ball-dock, when he was lifted up in spirit, as he tells us, and 'the judge and the jury became as dead men under his feet.'

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